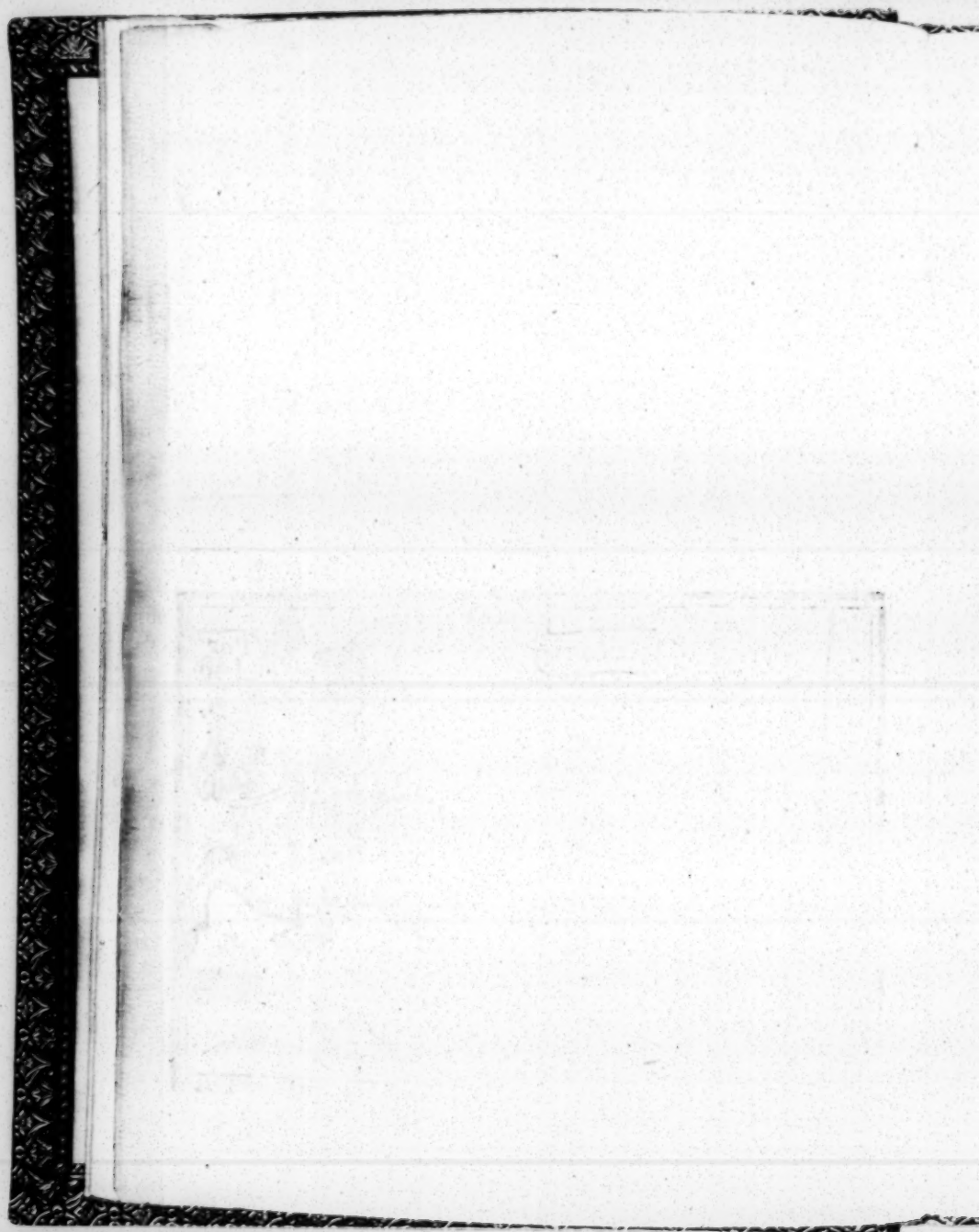


A P O S T E WITH A P A C K E T OF M A D L E T E R S.

Newly Imprinted.



London Printed for Richard Tomlin at the Sign and Bell near Pile Corner 1660



To the Right Worshipful,
MAXIMILIAN DALLISON
of *Hawlin* in the County of *Kent*, Esq;

NICHOLAS BRETON wisheth the happines of this
World, and Heaven hereafter.

I Find in *Latin, French, Italian,*
and *Spanish*, Books of Epistles
Dedicated to men of good ac-
count, as well for their Places,
as Spirit: But withall, I must
confesse the Authors of those Writings to
have been men of those Judgements, that have
set down matter worthy of regard. Now for
my selfe, though I cannot stand in the rank of
those rare Wits, yet nothing in your Judge-
ment, that true Nobleness of Spirit, that by
the regard of your good favor, may grace the
Works of an unworthy hope; and presuming
(upon the knowledge of your discretion) to

A 2

receive

The Epistle Dedicatory.

receive pardon of my presumption, hoping that you shall finde nothing displeasing to an honest minde, some things profitable to a young Wit, and wishing all worthy the favourable acceptation of your good patience, in all due thankfulness for your undeserved goodness, I humbly take my leave.

Yours in affectionate service,

Nicholas Breton.



To the Reader.



Entle if you be, be you so, gentle Reader; you shall understand, that I know not when, there came a Poste, I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and carried I know not what: But in his way I know not how, it was his hap with lack of heed to let fall a Packet of idle papers, the superscription being only to him that finds it, being my fortune to light on it, seeing no greater stile in the direction, I fell to opening the inclosure; in which I found divers Letters written, to whom, or from whom I could not learn. Now for the contents of the circumstances, when you have read them, judge of them; and as you like them, regard them: And for my selfe hearing you like well of this first Part, I have adventured a second, which here I present you with, both in one: But fearing to be too tedious in this Letter, lest you like the worse of those that follow, I rest as I have reason,

Yours

Nicholas Breton.

The

The Contents of the first Book.

A Complemental Letter.	page 1	answer.	11
From a Son to his Father	ibid.	A dissuasive from marriage, with the answer.	23
A Letter of Love to his Mistris.	2	A kinde Letter of a Creditor for money, with the answer.	24
A Letter admonitory to a Gentlewoman, living in London.	ibid.	A Letter of news, with the answ.	25
A Letter to his Mistris, desiring marriage.	3	A letter perswading to marriage, with the answer.	26
A merry Letter of news of complaints.	3	A Letter of unkindness upon a denial of a curtesie, with the answer.	27
To a vertuous Gentlewoman.	4	A Letter to an unthankfull person, with the answer.	28
A Letter of comfortable advise to a friend who sorrowed for the death of his love; with the answer.	ib.	A Letter to laugh at after the old fashion of love to a maid, with the answ.	29
A Letter of advice to a young Courtier; with the answer.	6	From a Father to his Son, advising against suretiship, with the answ.	30
A mournful Letter to a Brother, with the answer.	7	To a familiar friend, with the answ.	31
To a minister in behalf of a sick friend	8	To a familiar Friend, with the answ.	32
A Letter of a jealous husband to his wife, with the answer.	9	A Love-Letter, with the answ.	33
A Letter of kinde Complements to a friend, and the answer.	10	To a familiar friend, with the answ.	34
A Letter of Love to a Gentlewoman, with her answer.	11	A Letter of Love to a fair Mistis, with the answer.	35
A Letter of scorne to a coy Dame, with her answer.	11	Roger to Margery his sweet-heart, with the answer.	ib.
A Letter to a foule dowdy; with the answer.	13	From a Yeoman in the Country, to his Son in London, with the answ.	36
A Letter for the preferring of a Servant, with the answer.	14	To a wife in the Country, with the answ.	37
A Letter of counsell to a friend, with the answer.	15	A Letter upon ordinary causes, with the answer.	38
A Letter of comfort to a sister in sorrow, with the answer.	17	A Letter to a friend for the dispatch of business, with the answer.	39
A Letter of Love to a faire mistris, with the answer.	18	Letters of Love betwixt Rinaldo and Lorrina, with the answer.	ib.
A Letter of counsel from a kind Father, with the answer.	19	A reply, with the answ.	41
A Merchants Letter to his factor, with the answer.	20	A familiar Letter to a Friend in the Country, with the answer.	42
A Letter of challenge, with the answ.	21	A Letter from a Father to his son at the University, with the answ.	43
A Letter to a Friend for News, with the		To his dear and only Beloved Mistris, Susan Pearl.	44
			A

A P O S T E

With a Packet of mad Letters.

A Complementall Letter.

Dear Friend,

THe elegant compofure of your lines makes me to esteem you a deep Scholar, and the remonstrance of your love towards me, makes me glory in so exquisit a friend: with what an extasie of comfort shall I be ravished by your company, who surfeit thus with joy at the paper which bears the charaders of your name and handwriting? which writing truly is most delectable, but not satisfactorie: for I cannot deride a fulness of content to my self, though I were made possessor of both the Indies, or had the affluence of all outward commodities, if I ever be deprived of your societie. which I count the greatest moiety of all terrene happines, who am resolved still to continue my sorrow for your continued absence, and request you to hasten the houre wherein I may congratulate your safety, and abridge my time of mourning with a speedy and most welcome returne unto

Your devoted friend, A.B,

From a Son to his Father.

VHereas it is the part of every child, being by duty and nature chiefly bound, daily to sollicite God with importunate prayers for his Parents prosperitie: I therefore good Father, being a Son more bound then any through the fluent bounty of a Fathers love, do now in all reverence obediently remember my zeale and duty with my fervent prayers for the continuance of all true felicity towards you, whose love hath been the slow to fill the banks again, when my irregular expences were the eb-tides to make my money run low; but as I am insufficient to make a plenary restitution or cancell the obligation of your so many kindneses and benefits, so will I never forget to shew my gratefull remembrance: but being ashamed to returne nothing but bare words in

retribution, I have at this present sent you a Gelding, whose worth I leave to your trial and experience, and desire you to accept him as the rental tribute of,

Your obedient Son, I.M.

A Letter of Love to his Mistress.

Loveliest Mistress,

That powerfull Deity which hath inkindled the hearts of mightiest Monarchs with the beautiful lineaments of Rosie-chæk'd Ladies, at this time hath manifested her sovereignty over me, who being taken in the snare of Love, and fettered in the bonds of affection, am in the same predicament of passion: the countless griefes which day and night I have long endured for your sake (able to melt a heart harder then a Diamond) may be as perswading Orators to move your pittifull nature to favour: and my languishing estate doth imploze (if you hold my life in any regard) that you would vouchsafe by your kindness to comfort my soule, which is prepared to forsake this wretched body upon deniall. But fearing lest I have too much slack'd the reins omyp en, and been too liberall in writing, awaiting in your answer for the sentence of life or death, wishing you a perpetuall of joy, I rest,

Yours most affectionately, A.B.

A Letter admonitory to a Gentlewoman living in London.

It is observable, that when a man hath a glass of brittle substance, and for the worth great of price and value, he is very chary and heedfull thereof, because if by a fall it should be broken, it is impossible to have it repaired: I make the application unto yourselfe (Cousin Dorothy;) your Maiden head being a jewell of high estimate, may be compared to that brittle ware, which unless your care be the greater for the preservation, may get a crack that no art of man can make whole againe, and a blow that no herb is of sufficient efficacy to cure. Let not my needfull advice be in ill part accepted, the trespass being so unremediable, and the losse so irrevocable. Your Sex (Cousin) is of it selfe prone and propense unto pleasure, and London is a place full of provocations to sin; your beauty shall there hourly meet with forcible temptations, though haply in the harmlesse Country the fortress of your Chastity found no assailants. But I hope your genuine and innate vertue will protect you from so foule an ignominy, and give me cause to rest allwaies,

Your loving Cousin, C.D.

A Letter to his Mistresse desiring marriage.

Courteous Mistresse Amy, the only joy of my heart, I thought it fitting to declare my mind in writing to you: long time I have rested your true and constant love, hoping to find the like true affection from you. I write not in any dissembling sort, my tongue both declares my heart, assuring you that I do not regard any position, but your hearty love to remaine firme to me. I would be glad to know when you would appoint a day of our marriage, if it stand so to your liking: dear Amy take some pity on him that loveth you so well; you know that I have been proffered good mens daughters in marriage, but I could never fancy any so well as your selfe; I desire to know the fulness of your affection, whether it do equall mine or no, and upon the receipt of your answer you shall see me shortly after: though I receive you in your smock I have sufficient meanes to provide for me and you both. I have sent you a Ring in token of love, which I pray you accept of. I omit all eloquence, not doubting but you will consider my fervent zeale, which cannot be expressed with words. Thus requesting your answer, I commit you to God, resting

Your assured loving friend till death, H.K.

A merry Letter of news of Complaints.

Honest George, my old Schol-fellow and kind friend, glad to heare of thy home quiet, however I fare with my hard travell; whereas thou writest unto me for such news as this place yeeldeth, let me tell thee that there are so many, and so few of them true, that I dare almost write none: only this upon my knowledge I dare deliver thee for truth, that of late in the City there are a number of complaints every hour in the day. The Souldier complaines either of peace or penury, the Lawyer either for lack of Clients or cold Fees, the Merchant of small Traffick, or ill fortune the Tradiman for lack of Chapmen, the Laborours for lack of worke, the poore men of lacke of charity, and the rich of lack of money, the thiefe for lack of booties, and the hangman that his trees are bare, And for your feminine gender, many old women cry out for young luthizits, and many yew gwenches complain of old misers: howsoever matters bee, I cannot help them, but as I hear of their complaints, I have written thee the contents, which being scarce worth the reading, I leave to thy worst using: And so sorry that I have no matter of worth

A Packet of Letters.

where with better to fit thy humor, in as much kindnesse as can, I
commend my selfe to thy command, and so I rest,

Thine ever as my own, W. P.

To a vertuous Gentlewoman.

I will not deny but your faire eyes are able to dart love into any be-
holder, but the vertues of your mind hath won mee to be enamored
on your person. They that aime at the forme, tie their loves but to an ap-
prentiship of beauty, which broken with sicknesse or years, they grow
either cold in their affection, or fall to a loathing on their once beloved
object: But I (considering of your wisdome, and supposing my hopes
upon the pillar of your sapience) put it to your election either to grace
me with your favour, whose love shal be as durable as the immortall es-
sence of your soule from whence flow your never enough commended
vertues; or to cast it on some superficiall and temporary lover, whose
affection will fade with the decay of your soon vanishing beauty. But I
will here set a period to my lines, and give way to your discreet conside-
ration to contemplate and discusse of the most affectionate sute of

Your ever avowed servant, R. L.

A Letter of comfortable advice to a Friend, who sorrowed
for the death of his Love.

Honest Alexander, I heare thou art of late fallen into an extreame
melancholy, by reason of the suddain departure of Susanna out of
this life: For the sake I am sorry she hath left her passage on this earth,
though being too good for this world, she is sure gone to a better. Now
if thy mourning could recover her from death, I would willingly beare
part of thy passion: but when it doth her no good, and thy selfe much
hurt, let not a wilful humor lead thee into a wofull consumption. Thou
knowest she is senselesse in the grave, and wilt thou therefore be wittles
in the world? Say love is extreme, and let me beleeve it, wilt thou there-
fore deprive nature of reason? God forbid: Well thou knowest I love
thee, and in my love let me advise thee not to go from thy selfe with an
imagination of what was, to lose that which is: Because she is in hea-
ven, wilt thou be in hell? or if she be halfe an Angel, wilt thou be more
then halfe a Devill? Ob'spend thy spirit to a better purpose; let not the
remembrance of her perfection drive thee into imperfections; nor make
love hatefull to others, by seeing the unhappiness caused in thy selfe. Oh
let not fancy thew folly in thee, he whose vertue deserbed honoz in her.
Leave thy solitary dwelling, and come live with mee, wee will be wise

come

some good meanes for the remove of this melancholly : In the meane time make not too much of it, lest it chance to prove a madnes. Love thy self, & beleve thy friend, and what is in me to do thee good, command as thine own. Glad I would be to see thee, as he who doth inwardly love thee : and so desirous to hear from thee, to the Almighty God I commit thee. Farewell.

Thine as his own, E.D.

His Answer.

KIND Frank, I have received thy friendly Letter, and note thy care. I will love: but pardon me if I do not answer to thy liking. Alas, how can he truly judge of love, that never kindly was in love? or know how soundly to help a sorrow, that never inwardly felt it? Reading makes a Schollar by rule, and observation (I know) doth much in the perfection of Art; but experience is the Mother of knowledge. My Mistresses beauty was no Moon-shine, whose vertue gave light to the hearts-eye; nor her wisdome an ordinary wit, which put reason to his perfect understanding: and for her graces are they not written among the virtues? Thou saidst wel, she was too heavenly a creature to make her habitation on this earth; and is it not then a kind of hell to be without her in this world? Imaginations are not dreames, whose subiects are the objects of the senses, while the eye of memory never weary of seeing. Oh honest Frank, thinke thou hast not loved, that hast not loved, nor canst live in this world to have such a love die in it; it is a dull spirit that is sed with oblivion, and a dead sense that hath no feeling of love. Think therefore, what was, is with me, and my selfe is nothing, without the enjoying of that something, which was to me all in all. Is not the presence of an Angell able to ravish the sight of a man? And is not the light of Beauty the life of love? Leave then to burden me with imperfection in my sorrow for her want, whose presence was my Paradise, whose absence is my worlds hel. Thou dost misconstrue my good in languishing for her lacke, and knowest not my heart, in thinking of any other comforts: No Frank let it suffice, though I love thee I cannot forget her: and though I live with thee, yet I will yet for her have patience then with passion, till time better temper mine affection: in which, most devoted to thee of any man living, till I see thee (which shall be as shortly as I well can) I rest,

Thine as thou knowst, D.E.

A Letter of advice to a young Courtier.

My noble kinsman, I hear of late you are growne a great Courtier; with you much grace, and the continuing of your best comfort: but for that your years have not had time to see much, and your kindness may hap to be abused, let me intreat you a little now and then to looke to that which I counsell you: keep your purse watily, and your credit charly, your reputation balliantly, and your hono^r carefully: for your friends as you find them use them; for your love let it be secret in the bestowing, and discreet in the placing: for, if fancy be wanting, wit shall be a foole: sco^rne not Ladies for they are wo^rthy to be loved, but make not love to many, lest thou beloved none: if thou hast a labo^r, be not proud of thy fortune, but thinke it discretion to conceal a contentment, goe neat but not gay, lest it argue a lightness, and take heed of labish expence, lest it beggar thy state; play little and lose not much; use exercise, but make no toile of a pleasure: Read much but dull not thy b^ody; and confer but with the wise, so shalt thou get understanding. Pride is a kind of coinesse which is a little womanish; and a common familiarity is too near the Colon for a Courtier: But carry thy self even, that thou fall on neither side; so will the wise commend thee, and the better sort affect thee. But let me not be tedious, lest it may perhaps offend thee; and therefore as I live, let it suffice I love thee; and so wishing thee as much good as thou canst desire to be wished, in prayer for thy health, and hope of thy happiness, to my utmost power I rest in affectionate good will,

Thine ever assured, H. K.

His Answer.

Sweet Cousin, I think you have either some Court in the Countrey, or else you have studied the Courtier, that you can set downe such rules that are no less wo^rthy the reading, then observing: believe me they shall be my best lesures studies, and in my daily courses my counsellors, my solicitors in love, and my Judges in hono^r; my guides in greatest hope, and my admonitors in greatest dangers: for your paines in them I thanke you, and for your kindnesse I love you; your care of me I see by them, and will not unkindly forget them. I must confesse, I find Courtiers of all people, and Ladies strange creatures, and love so idle an humo^r, that I am afraid to lose time in it; but the better by your advice, I hope to carry a hane over it. For apparrell I will keepe my Aunt and care of it, and lastly of it. And for exercise, nature is so given to ease,

A Packet of Letters.

7

that good qualities are almost out of use: as for vertue, poore Lady, she is scarce able to live with her pension: but so: Study I have little time, so much company witho^{ut} ab^{ove} me: and so: a Book next the Bible, your Letter shall be my Library. And thus smiling at such gale, as think no grace but a gay coat, no wit, but in a stale jest, noting many a begger like a King, and many a Lord like a poore Gentleman, seeing the truth of Solomon in his conclusion of all earthly comforts, that all under the Sun is vanity, meaning not to be a servant to a base humour, nor to reach higher then I may hold fast: in thankfull kindness for thy careful Letter, and faithfull affection to thy worthy self, wishing thee to meet me that I might never be from thee, I rest,

Thine what mine own, N.B.

A mournfull Letter to a Brother.

Good brother, the misery of my uncomfortable life, the crossness of my cruell fortune, and the unkindnesse of my naturall kin, have made me so weary of this world, that I long for nothing but my latestt hour, and yet loth to despaire of Gods mercies, willing to take any good course for my commodity, I have of late been perswaded by some of experience in their journeyes into those parts, that my travell into the Low Countries would be much to my benefit, as well for the language, as for my skill in such Traffick as I would make use of in those places; but my state being so downe the wind, that I know not how to set saile in the weather, having no stock to lay out, to give me hope to bying in, I will even set up my rest upon the resolution of fortune, and thrust my selfe into some place of service in the Wars, where I will either win the Horse, or lose the Saddle: If I dye, mercy is my comfort; if I live, desert is my hope. But to the helping forth of this my forlorne spirit, good Brother put to your helping hand, assuring your selfe that I will not live to be ungratefull: for as my heart loveth, my soule shall pray for you, and when I have time to see, I will be no stranger unto you. And thus aggrieved to charge, never more meaning to trouble you, beseeching God to inable me to requite you, in the true love of a naturall brother, I rest,

Yours as my own, M.S.

His Answer.

Dear Brother, as I grieve at your crosses, so I would as willingly procure your comforts. But my state much inferiour to my will, makes me unable to satisfie your expectation: and yet would I hurt my selfe

selfe rather then you should perith ; for you shall receive by this bearer what I may, and more as I shall be better able. But touching your courses for the Low Countries, I feare your traffick will be but little gainful, the Wars so eat up the wealth of the Country : And to your intent touching armes, I feare your forwardnesse is too great for your experience. Yet so far I doe allow of your noble resolutions herein, as I would lesse grieve to heare of your honorable death abroad, then see your discontented life at home ; and therefore for winning the Horse or losing the Saddle, leave that to Gods blessing, who wil bestow Honor, as it shall please his divine Providence. But good Brother have patience with thy crosses, attend mercy for thy comfort, and have a care of home, howsoever thou farest abroad : I know thy mind is great, but take heed of pride, lest it be a bar to all thy preferment, and overthrow all thy honor. I see thou art weary of the world, make then thy way towards heaven, that God who hath tried thee with calamities, may bless thee with eternal comforts in hope whereof, willing in all I can to help, praying heartily for thee, with my unfained hearts love, unto the Lord of Heaven I leave thee.

Your loving Brother, D.S.

To a Minister in the behalfe of a sick friend.

SIR, though it hath ever been my study to furnish my self with constancy against the disastrous infortunities of this life, yet I could not but be much moved out of the tendernesse of my love, with the newes of our friend Master Goddards debility ? And assure you, sickness hath not so vehemently seized on his body, but sorrow hath as violently attached my heart ; for the recozation of his many favours, so liberally, though undeservetly bestowed upon me, makes me to participate in his griefe, as if it were mine own ; Since it would be rudeness in me now to trouble him, I have diverted my Letters unto you, and beseech you (seeing, in all mens opinion the time is come that he must put off his mortality & passe through death as through a gate into everlasting life) to put him in mind to bewaile his misdeeds, and to beg remission of his sins, with pouring out of his teares, which are so gracious in heaven, that every sin is waether away with such a flood, and no weeds spring after such a rain. But haply it is a superfluous care in me, to set a spur in your side, and to prick you on, who are forward enough of your selfe to performe all holy offices that can be in one of your coat required : therefore if sorrow hath been a bad dictator to my pen, bear with the boldness of

Your mournfull friend, E.F.

A Letter of a jealous Husband to his Wife.

VVife in as much kindnesse as I can, I advise you so leave such courses, as is neither to your credit nor contentment: you know much company causeth many occasions of idle speeches, and young men are not in these daies given to speake the best of their kind friends; trifles and toys were better refused then accepted, and time idly spent brings but beggary or a worse blot: of all the Birds in the field, I love not a Cuckoe in my house; truly I doe not dissemble with you, your light behaviour doth much dislike me, and how glad I would be to have it reformed, you shall know when I see it; shall I make you fine to please another and displease my selfe? Shall I leave you my house, to make an hospitality of ill fellowship? sit me not with the fool, howsoever you feed your selfe with a soule humour: shake off such acquaintance as gaine you nothing but discredit, and make much of him that must as well winter as summer you. Look to your house, have a more orderly care over your children set your servants to work, and have an eye to the main chance; leave tattling gossips, idle huswives, baine headed fellows, and needles charge, so God will blesse, and the world will thrive with you; your neighbors speak well, and I shall truly love you. And thus hoping that you will by this my secret admonition, have a care of your good carriage, I rest in hope of your well doing.

Your loving Husband, T. P.

Her cunning Answer.

Husband, with as much patience as I can, I have read over your unwise Letter, wherein jealousy keeps such a fire, that love doth but laugh at such idlenesse. much company driveth away chaste thoughts; and for sooles it is good to be afraid of Had-I-will: All thoughts beget ill speeches, and old dogges bite soyer then a young whelp: For beggary let it fall upon the sloathfull, I know how to worke for my living; and for blots, speake to Scriblers, for I have no skill in writing. Now for the Bird, to answer you with the Beast; I thinke a Calfe in a Closet, is as ill as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were sullen you would sure suspect my humour, and do you dislike my merry behavio? Well, your conceit may be reformed, in being so wrongfully informed, to have me so suddainly reformed: my finenesse is your countenance, and my conversation your credit; and therefore doe you shake off your foolish jealousy, I will make choice of better company: your house will stand fast if it fall not, and your children quieter then their father:

your servants earne their wages, and the maine chance is nicked well enough: Women must talke when they meet, and men not be scojned, though not entertained: and he that keepeth a house must seek to defray the charge. And so hoping you will leaue your jealousy, and think of some matter of more worth, as carefull of my carraige as you of your credit, meaning to do as well as I can, without your teaching, and as well as if you were at home, I rest,

Your too much loving Wife, H.P.

A Letter of kind complements to a Friend.

Kindest of friends, where I love much I speak little, for affection hath small pleasure in ceremonies: your kindnesse I haue found, my defect I dare not speak of, lest it more offend my selfe to thinke on, then you to look on: but since you haue made mee happy in your acquaintance, let me not too long lack your company: For though I live among many good neighbours, yet doe I much want the comfort of so good a friend, by whom I should not only gaine the use of time, but find the profit of my desire: which joining issue with your humours, cannot but so concurre with your contentment, that if there be a Paradise on earth, I hope to find it in the faire passages of our loves, which grounded on vertue, and growing in kindnesse, cannot chuse but be blessedly fruitfull. In brieft till I see you, I will mourne; and if not the sooner, I shall languish; for my wishing and want cannot be satisfied with absence. Hasten therefore your coming, and make your owne welcome: for what I haue or am, enter into the roll of your possession, where in the free-hold of my love, I assure the substance of my life. And so leauing complements to tongue spirits, in the truth of an honest heart I rest,

Yours as you do and shall ever know, N B.

His Answer.

SIR, I haue receiued your kind letter, and I finde you very fine at your corner: you will speake and say nothing; be eloquent in plainnesse: but you must not speake in the clouds to them that are acquainted with the Sun; and say what you will, I must beleeue of my selfe as I list: For indeed I know my owne unworthinesse of your commendation, in which I will rather beare with your affection, then be conceited with your opinion. Yet not to be either disdainfull or ungratefull, bee not so farre deceiued in my disposition that wherein my presence may pleasure you, I will answer you with my absence, no

long delay your expectation, for excuse is but cold kindness, and too much haſt is not fit; therefore as ſoon as I conveniently can, I aſſure you, you ſhall ſee me, and in full meaſure with your affection find me, to the uttermoſt of my power, rather in action then proteſtation, during life, in fair weath' or ſoule.

Yours as mine own, W.R.

A Letter of Love to a Gentlewoman.

FAIR Miſtriſs, to count you with elegance, were as ill as to grieve you with ſo ſad tales: let it therefore pleaſe you rather to believe what I write then to note what I ſpeak: For my heart being fixed in your eyes hath vowed my ſervice in your beauty; in which finding reaſons admiration, I can think but of nature in her perfection: in which, being raviſhed above it ſelf, craveth of your favour to be inſtructed by your kindneſs: I mean no farther then in the obedience to your commandement; for if I be any thing my ſelfe it ſhall be nothing more then yours & leſſe then nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you above the ſkies, compare you with the Sun, or ſet you among the Stars, figure you with the Phoenix, imagine you a goddeſſe; but I will leave ſuch weak praizing fictions, and think you only your ſelf, whoſe vertuous beauty, and whoſe honourable diſcretion in the care of a little kindneſs is able to command the love of the wiſe, and the labours of the honeſt, with the beſt of their endeavors in the happineſſe of your imploiment to ſeek the height of their fortune: think not therefore I flatter you in hope of ſad, but honour you in the deſert of worthineſs, in which if you would vouchſafe to entertaine the ſervice of my affection, what you ſhall find in my love I will leave in your kindneſs to conſider. In the care of which comfort, craving pardon for my preſumption, I reſt humbly and wholly,

Yours devoted to be commanded, F.W.

Her Answer.

SIR, I have heard Schollars ſay, that it is art to conceal art, and that under a face of ſimplicity is hid den much ſubtily, of which how ſilly women need to be afraid, I will leave to wiſe men to conſider: And though I cannot in fine or fit termes, answer the curioſity of your writing, yet after a plaine and homely faſhion I will intreat you to accept of my writing; perfection and corruption cannot meet together in one ſubject, and therefore my imagined beauty, being but a ſhadow of deceit, be-

A Packet of Letters.

lieve not your eyes, till they have a better speculation: and for the inward parts of commendations, I am perswaded that you are not worth any thing that is due to admiration of nothing: and this not unkindly to requite your good thoughts of little worth: leaving others to sole fantasies, let me intreat you not to mistake your figures, and to honour a better substance then my unworthy self. And yet so far to assure your belief of my contentment, that wherein I may conveniently counterbalance the care of your kindness excuse my indiscretion, if I faile of my desire: in which wishing you more happiness then to be commanded by my unworthiness, I rest as I may,

Your loving poor friend, M.W.

A Letter of scorn to a coy Dame.

Mistresse Fabs, if you were but a little faire, I see you would be mighty proud; and had you but the wit of a Goose, you would sorely kisse the Gander: but bring (with as bad qualities as can be wishd) as rich as a new thorne shap, I hope fortune is not so mad as to blesse you farther then the beggar; it is not your holiday face put on after the ill-favoured sashien, can make your halfe nose but ugly in a tri slight; and but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Tailor, you might bee set up for the sign of the Sea Crab. Now for your Parentage, to help out with the hope of the rest, when the Linkers son and Coblers daughter met under the hedge at the milking of a Bull, within forty weekes after, what fell out you know. Now not too plainly to lay open the foul members of a filthy carkasse, but as patiently as I can to keep decorum in your description, let me tel you, that all this and much more being true in your disgrace, I cannot chuse but marvel that you mourne not to death in imagination, to think that a monster in nature can have any disgrace in reason: but let it be as it is, I have but lost a little breath in talking to a death care, for I mean to take no more trabel to the subject of so ill an object: And therefore meaning to take my farewell, and beginning with you both at one instant, leaving you to loath yourselfe as one whom no creature can be in love withall; sorry that I ever saw you, and never more intending to trouble you, in recompence of your courtesie entertainment, I rest in all kindnesse this present and allwaies,

Yours as much as may be, T.E.

Her Answer.

MAfter Wildgoose, it is not your hasty tuiety can make me afraid of your big locks: for I saw the play of ancient Pistol, where a cracking colward was well engeled for his knavery: your railing is so near the Rascall, as I am almost ashamed to bestow so good a name as the Rogue on you: but for modesty sake I will a little forbear you, and onely tell you, that a hanging looke and a hollow heart, a cunning wit and corrupt conscience, make you so fit a mate for the Devil, that there is no Christian will desire your company. Now for your state, it is much on fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a beauly fall, when the paine of their heads is only healed with the halter. And for your Linage, when the Beatewards Ape, and the Hangmans Monke met together on a hay mow, what a whelp came out of such a litter, let all the world iudge, I say nothing. Now for your stony feet and your lame hand sitting kindly with you wry necke, who would not make little of their eies that could endure the sight of such a picture? Now, your wealth being but a few woords, which you have almost all spent in idle humors, hoping that the Tortoise will not quarrell with the Crab, and that when you have sipt upon your ale, you will get a medicine for your madness, till the Woodcocke tell you how the Watcocke hath caught you, leaving further to think on you, moze then utterly to loath you, glad that your entertainment was so much to your discontentment, in full measure with your malice, I rest,

Yours as you lee, A.W.

A Letter to a fowl Dowdy.

Mistresse Jone Juggle, I heare that you thinke your selfe faire, but you are much deceived: for the Carriers eye is but a course kind of painting: and for wit, how far you are from understanding, the wise can tell you. Now for qualities, where you learned them I know not, but if you could leave them it were well. I wonder not a little what madnesse hath possessed your bzaines, that you can make so much of your self; are you eies your owne? or are they so scaled they cannot see? get you to your prayers, and leave making of love, for age and evill habz had need to be helpt with a good purse. I hear you sing much: indeed when the Dole sings the Nightingale will hold her peace; but for shame learn not to dance, for a barrel can but tumble: but would you use a medicine for your teeth, you might be the better to speak with in the morning. What alles you to buy a Fan, except it be to hiee your face? and till your hands be whole, you will weare but Dogs Leather for your Gloves:

A Packet of Letters.

14

in truth, you abuse your selfe, that you keep not your chamber, for none sees you but laughs at you, or at least loaths to look on you: be therefore content to do as I with you, speak with none but by Attorney, leave the Painter to better Pictures, and rather grieve at Nature for framing you, then to thinke of any thing that may help you: your goods bestow on me for my counsell, and make saile to death for your comfort. And thus hoping that being weary of your self, you will hasten to your grave, I end,

Yours as you see, H.I.

Her Aniwer.

Sir Morris Mallipart, you may think your self wise, but you do not shew it: for railing words are the worst testimonies for a good wit. For good qualities I thinke you know them not, nor can goe from the evil; but for madnesse, I thinke it forseith best with yuor humors: for the help whereof, it were good that you were let blood in the brain. But for ill sight, who is so blind as bold Bayard, that will not see his owne folly? my prayers I will not forget to God, to blesse me from such foul spirits on earth. And for love, more then charity, I hold you the farthest off in my thought: now knowing your poverty. I wonder you will speak of a purse. As for a ill laboured face, go to Paris garden to your good brother: indeed your Croyden sanguine is most pure complexion: but for your Tobacco it is a good purge for your rheume. For my Fan, it keeps sometimes from the sight of such a bizard as your good face: and for my hands, I keepe my nailes on my fingers, though you cannot keap your haire on your head. Now for laughing at fooles, you are provided for a corcombe; and for bathing all ill countenances, let the Hangman draw your Picture. Be therefore contented to be thus answered: Speak wisely or hold your peace, and be not busie with your betters, lest you know the nature of War. I-will: so hoping that you will be weary of the world, and that you will hang your selfe for a medicine to heal your wits of a melancholy, I will bequeath you a halter upon free coll at your pleasure, and so I rest,

Your friend for such a matter, E.P.

A Letter for the preferring of a servant.

Sir, knowing your necessary use of a good servant, and remembering your late speech with me touching such a matter, I thought good to

A Packet of Letters.

15

commend unto you in that behalfe, the bearer hereof W. T. a man of hese honest secretty and carefull diligence upon a reasonable triall, will soon make prooffe of his sufficiency. His parentage is not base, nor his disposition vile, but in all parts exquisite as one of his place; such a one as I am perswaded will sit your turn: If therefore at my request you will entertaine him, I doubt not but you will thank me for him; for I was glad I had so trusty a servant to commend unto you, and hope to hear he will much content you. And thus loth to trouble you with further circumstances, leaving his service to your good regard, my love to your like commandment, in affectionate good will, I rest,

Yours ever assured, N. B.

The Answer.

SIR, I have receiv'd both your Letter and the bearer. both which I will make much of for your sake; for in the one I will often see you, & in the other remember you; your commendation of him argueth your knowledge, a sufficient warrant for his worth; which I will as kindly and thankfully think on: his countenance I like well, and his speech better: and for the performance of my expectation, I am the better perswaded of his discretion: when I see you, you shall know how I like him. in the meane time he shall find that I will love him: and for all things necessary for his present use, I find him sufficiently furnished: but if I find his want, it shall be soon supplied. So thanking you for sending him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining your kinde debtor, till a good occasion of requitall: with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty,

Your very loving friend, R. V.

A Letter of counsell to a Friend.

My best approb'd and worthiest beloved Paulo, I hear by some of late come from Venice, that seem to bee somewhat inward in thy acquaintance, that thou art of late fallen into an amozons humour, especially with a Subject with too much unworthinell: a news, that knowing thy spirit, I could hardly beleve, that upon a solemn affirmation, I was sorry to hear: for beauty without wealth is but a beggarly charme, and honour without vertue, is but a little for a title: With the a glib tongue? it is pity she hath not a better wit? Is she witty? it is a sorrow it is no better bestowed; for the craft of one woman is the confusion of many a man: does she say she loves thee?

believe her not : nay, both she love thee? regard her not: For it is a selwell of so little worth, as will give but lesse in the buying. I feared the plague had taken hold of thy lodging, but thou art peppered with a word of infection, thy study is infected with idlenesse thy bzaime with diziness, & thy spirit with madnesse. Leave these follies, think I be but a dreame, and beauty a shadow, and so be a witch, and repentance a misery : wake out of thy slasp and call thy wits together, be not sotted with a humor, nor slave to thy self will : leave courting of a Curtizan, and keepe thy breath for a better blast ; save thy purse for a better purpose, and spend thy time in more profit, let not the wise laugh at thee and the honest lament thee : For my selfe, how I grieve for thee I would I could tell thee ; but let thus much suffice thee, believe nothing as she saith, care for nothing that she doth, nor give her any thing that she wants: see her, but to purge melancholly : talke with her, but to sharpen wit : give her, but to be rid of her company : and use her but according to her condition ; so shalt thou have a hand over those humors that would have a head over thy heart, and be Master over thy servants by the vertue of thy spirit : otherwise, Will having gotten the byble in his teeth, will run away with the Rider, and Reason being cast off, may never sit well in the saddle : but why do I use these perswasions for the remove of thy passions, If thou be soundly in, thou wilt hardly get out: if thou be but overshores, thou maist be saved from drowning; whatsoeuer I hear, I hope the best : but to atoid the worst, I have presumed out of my love, to send thee the fruit of my affection. In which if my care may do thee comfort, I shall thinke it a great part of my happinesse : howsoeuer it be, I commit the consideration to thy kindnes. And so till I hear from thee, which I daily long for, I rest,

Thine as my own, E.D.

His Answer.

Gentle Millo, I have received thy most kind and carefull Letter, a Messenger of my most honest love, who hath told me no lesse then I wholly believe ; that love in idlenesse is the very entrance to madnesse: but yet though I will thinke on thy counsell, give me leave a little, to go along with conceit : wherefore let me tell thee my opinion. Beauty without wealth is little worth ; but being a riches in it selfe, how can it bee poorly valued ? and Honor being but the state of vertue, how can you pluck a little out of Title ? the tongue is the instrument of wit, and wit the approver of discretion : where, if Reason be grabelled, Nature may be admitted : now for words, they have their substance, and love is

not to be abused : For it is a Jewell well known, that is worthy of his price : infections are every where, and jealousy a most cruell plague; but not thy selfe of that disease, and feare not my health in the other : verily it is a kind of dizziness which worse tormented than with idleness, is troubled with too wrong a madness : but he that is unwise had need be reformed and he that laughs at an imperfection, may fall himselfe upon the stile : now for a mad dreame, or an imagined witch, conceited flap, or an intreated waking, I must confesse they are pretty humors, and will think of their errors, and now for setting and slaverie, and so; courting in knavery, be perswaded that time will employ my purse to better purpose: then grieve not for me, but only love me and let that suffice thee: and for thy advice in seeing, talking, and giving, feare not the bad-I-will of thy folly : for he that is Master of himselfe shall not need his Mistress, and therefore he that cannot ride let him leave the saddle: for reason hath a power over Will, where Will is but a servant to Nature: In the certainty of which course, intending so to lay my hands on my heart, that I will feare no hornes on my head, with many thanks for thy kind perswasions, hoping thou wilt take no exceptions at my constructions, intreating thee to believe no more of me then thou dost, and to love me as thou dost, in the faith of that affection that holds thee dear to my love. I rest during life,

Thine obliged and devoted, W. B.

A Letter of comfort to a Sister in sorrow.

DEARE Sister. I heard lately of your husbands departure for the Indies, when with no little sorrow I considered your heavy case : In which finding his want to be grievous, and your friends told in comfort, I could not chuse without unkindnesse, but remember these lines of my love unto you : I know your state is weak, how faire soever you make your weather : but the more is your patience worthy of honour, that can so nobly conceale your discontentments. For my selfe, I would I were able to do you good ; but what I have or can procure, shall not faile to do you pleasure : But if your mind be too great to stay to be holding, what I am able to doe, take as a duty in my brothers love : Good sister therefore be a good chere, and put your care upon me I will see you often, and love you ever : for a creature of your worthiness seldom found in your Sex, that for her husbands love will adventure the state of her living : your children are not many, but such as are, shall be mine, and you to be as my selfe : take therefore as little thought, and as much comfort as you can; no doubt but God that truly his servants.

will

will blesse them; hope then of my brothers happy return, and till then commend me: Shortly, God willing, you shall see me: in the mean time let me intreat you kindly to accept this little token of my greater love, which is but an assurance of the beginning of my affections never ending; in which predicament of true friendship, I rest ever assured;

Your loving Sister, E.W.

The Answer.

Sweet Sister, I have received your kind Letter, and loving token, for which which I am your thankfull debtoz, but touching my husband, though his wants were grievous, yet the want of him is my greatest sorrow, for in the stay of his love was the stay of my living: I am sorry, that you know my weaknesse: and wish it but in strength to answer your kindness: but good Sister though I am willing to conceal my crosses, to be beheld to so honourable a Spirit, I count it not the least of my happinesse. Therefore though I had devoted my selfe to solitariness in his absence, your company shall be to me a light in darknesse; and noting the nature of your kindnesse, will ever be beholding to your love: come then to me when you will, and command what you will, for I will be as good as you will: my children are my worlds joyes and my hearts jewels, in whose face I would behold their fathers, in whose love I would spend my life: so in a merry go sorrow, grieving for his absence, and wishing your presence, praying for his happy return, your health, and my own patience, that in too much passion of affection, I fall not upon indiscretion, with most hearty thankin all love I commend my selfe to your commandement,

Yours affectionately bound, E.G

A Letter of Love to a faire Mistresse.

Faire Mistresse, to trouble you with a long circumstance, I might perhaps feare you with the losse of time, and to make an end ere I begin might argue little care in my conceit; but to avoid both superfluous, let me a little intreat you with patience to peruse, in a few words the summe of a long tale, in which the truth of Love, to the latest hour of death, protesteth the joy of his life but the fruit of your favour, of which the thought of the unworthinesse doth too much shew his unhappinesse. Time makes me too brieft, but in your wisdom is my hope of understanding, that in my triall you may trust me, and by desert esteeme me; in which if I deceibe your expectation, let mee die in the misery of your disdain. Thus not to flatter you with a faire

file in the state of your worthy commendation, beseeching to be commanded by the kind care of your discretion, in the hands of a bowed service, I humbly rest,

Yours alwaies assured, R. O.

The Answer.

SIt, as I would be loath to be thought proud, I would as unwillingly be found idle; either to believe too well of my selfe, or not to have a respect of others: Truth is seldome masked with smooth words, and love is not byed but upon great contentment; your liking may be greater then my desert, and so after upon a better consideration: but mistake not your happiness in my favors unworthinesse, where the best of my commandment may be the best of your contentment. Be not consideration of time may excuse my shortness of writing: Wherein a word you may understand that indeed I intend, that truth is honourable in love, and vertue the fairest joy in affection; in which, if I doe not miscontinue your conceit. I will answer the care of your kindnesse: in which according to the due of desert, you shall find the effects of your desire. And so for this time, I rest,

Your poor Friend, A. Q.

A Letter of counsell from a kind Father.

Care Son, you must not from your Father looke for a flattering lobe, nor take it unkindly that I give you warning of what may prejudice your good. Above all things serve God, and keep a clear conscience, passe not the limits of allegiance, nor build Castles in the aire: converse not with fooles, for you shall lose your time; take heed of knaves, for there is much to be feared in them; and beware of drunkennesse, for it is a braslie humor: I have heard you are given much to Alchymistry, it is a great charge to many, and profite little, imploy your time so, that you lose not by the bargain; what a grief it is to want, I pray God you never know, and therefore eschew prodigality, which quickly makes a poore man. I have sent you a hundred Crownes, well may you use them, and when you need any more send to me for them: After the terme the Vacation will call thee into the Country; where knowing thy Fathers house, thou must make thine own welcome: till then and alwaies I will pray for thee, that God will blesse thee, that I may have joy in thee,

Your loving Father, H. W.

A kind answer of a loving Son.

My deare father, as I will not flatter my selfe with your love, so I cannot but joy in your kindnes, w^hose careful counsel within the compasse of so few wordes I will looke up in my heart as my best selfe. For to serve God is the duty of a Christian; and no longer let me live then in the care of that comfort. A cleare Conscience I find like a Sanctuary, where the soule may take a safe place of rest. To passe the limits of Allegiance merits the losse of life, and to build castles in the aire, they are but mad mens imaginations. Fooles cannot understand me, and knaves shall not trouble me. For drunkenness never doubt me, for it is most lothsome in my nature. For your Crownes I humbly thanke you, and hope to bestow them to your liking. Teaching Alchimy, I heare much, but beleve little: but I will not wast your land to make a new metal. The Vacation is near, and I will not belong from you: w^hen finding you well, shall be my best welcome. So praying for your long health, and hearts ever happynesse, in all humble thanks I take my leave,

Your obedient Son, R.W.

A Merchants Letter to his Factor.

As I have reposed trust in your care, I looke for your performance of my credit: your ability in managing such matters as I have committed to your charge, I make no doubt of: and therefore hoping in your discretion to heare of my expected contentment, I will look by your next Letters to heare of the summe of my desire: in the mean time, let me tell you, that I sent you fourscope broad Cloathes, and thirty Kerzies, with other such commodities as I thinke fit for your use in those parts. I pray you make your best market, and take heed to whom you credit: for as I hear there are men reputed of great wealth, in suspicion of playing bankrupts; have therefore the more care of your business, your travels shall not be unconsidered. Your French Wines, I heare this year are very small, and your Salscoin Wines be very dear, Wzons cheap: but you know your markets, and I hope you will have a care of your money, for it is barely come by, as this world goes, both much in great matters: it there be any news of worth acquaint me with them, and in any wise doe not trouble me with untruths. Your Cousin tels me that you are in good regard with the Governoz for certaine cloaths that you lately bestowed on him: he told me the cause, and therefore I commend your discretion: for sometime it is better to give then to save. In sum, let this suffice you without further circumstance, you have my love and my purse,

I pray have a care of both, So till I 'hear from you, I rest,

Your loving Master, T.P.

His Answer.

SIR, I holdeth you mistrust not your trust. I have any fear of my State: for having both your love and your power, how can the one let me forget the other? No Sir, be you assured, how so ever Bankers play bankrupt our pawns will receive no credit: And touching such affaires as I have in charge, doubt not of my dispatch. Your Cloaths I have received, and like them very well: your Berzies are very good, I wond' you had sent more of them, for they are much in request and well sold. I have by good hap, met with an hundred Ton of Calkein Tins upon a good market, as you may know by my note. Putins are good, and good cheap, and therefore I have sent you greater store of them, than the fairs you shal find the Park, with two Letters of your name. By the next Post you shall heare what I need: in the mean time having no intelligence of worth loath to trouble you with trifles, glad to performe that duty that your kindnes hath bound me to, wishing to live no longer then discharge the office of an honest care, praying for your long health and everlasting happiness, I humbly take my leave,

Your faithfull servant, M.W.

A Letter of challenge.

Movzongs are so many, that may no longer be digested: your excuses so idle, as I will henceforth dispise them: for your words are but wind, and therefore I am weary of them: and if you be not so cold in complexion, that you dare maintaine your reputation, meet me to morrow early in the morning, in some field a mile out of Town, and bying with you such Arms as you do ordinarily carry: assigne your place and hour, and faile not your appointment, that God the Judge of Right, may determine our wzongs, and the point of the sword may put a period to our discunties. Thus having blown over an idle paper with a few last words of my intent, answer me as I expect, or hear of me as it will fall out, in hast,

Your enemy till death, T.P.

The Answer.

WHat you have wzitten to me I returne upon your selfe as loth to lose time in answer of such idleness: if you durst goe alone,

I would go with you; but let it suffice, that I know you, and therefore
 mean not to trust you: but being a friend with you, and I am ready for
 you: come to me, lodging as early as you will, and though I would be
 loath to break a sleep for you, yet I will take a little pain to answer
 you: as for the field, we will cast lots for the place, where God and a
 good Conscience will quickly determine the quarrell; but I feare the
 point of the sword will make a Tourna to your coming, which if it be,
 you shall see what will follow. And so leaving farther words, wishing
 you to be as good as your word, I end,

Yours as you mine, T.W.

A Letter to a friend for news.

Cousin, I know you that live abroad in the world, cannot but heare
 of news every day, which we in the Countrey would be glad now
 and then to be acquainted with; your labor will not be much in writing,
 and for your kindnesse it shall not be unrequited: we hear much mur-
 muring of many things, but little truth of any thing; but from you that
 know, I would be glad to learne. There is a speech among some idle
 Astronomers that the Sun in the Moon hath fallen in love with a Star,
 and walking through the Clouds, was almost drowned in the water:
 and that the Tumblers of the Forrest have spoiled a number of black
 Conies, so that Rabbits are grown so deare, that a poore man may be
 glad of a peece of Button. It is said here with us in these parts, that you
 in the City are much troubled with a new disease; truly we have reason-
 able good health, but that there are such plagues in others houses, what
 with shrewd wives and bad husbands, stubborn children, and wicked
 servants, that many an honest man cannot live in quiet with his neigh-
 bors. Though the Spring be not very forward, yet there is a great in-
 crease of things, especialy of Children, which how they may answer the
 Law, I will not greatly stand upon. Thus having no matter of moment,
 where with at this time to trouble you, intreating you that I may short-
 ly hear from you, I rest in much affection,

Affuredly yours R.Q

His Answer.

My good Cousin, to answer your kind Letter, if there were any
 thing here worth the writing, I would not have been so long si-
 lent. But such are the occurrences in these places, as are either not
 worth the noting, or better concealed then written: for love in youth is
 full of bladders, and malice in age is so malicious, that vertue is so hid

in corners, that there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the Span in the Moon, I leave him to wait on the Sun; but if he have a mind to any Star, I leave him to follow that Diuine light: for his watry Element, since it is all in Clouds let it hang in the Aire, I will not meddle with the lobe of Astronomy. For Conies, I am no Quarreler, therefore let them that have the harping of the grounds look to their games. I have small sport in such idleness; but for a pece of Dutton, a young Lambe is worth five old Conies, and he that is not glad of such a feast let him fast for his dinner. For our new diseases, it is with many men in the head, and women in the tongue. Seruants grow great Libertines, and Children are sick of their Parents; and for Neighbours, there is so much love in the Streets, that there is almost none in the houses: And therefore besides other ordinary diseases, we want no plagues to make us to looke in'o our sins; but God amend all, for one will scarce amend another. And therefore intreating you to have patience with me till the next wake. When you shall heare of the best news that comes to my hands, I rest in a bounden good will,

Yours as much as may be, M F.

A dissuasive from Marriage.

SWET Cousin, I am sorry to hear, that being so well at ease, you will rozen your selfe of quiet: and for want of a worlde hell, you will put your selfe in Purgatory with a wife; but if it may be that I speake in time, heare what I say; if she be faire, it may breed ielousie; if sonlie, dislike and change; if rich, take heed of pride; if poore, misery; if young, beware she wanton; if old, take heed of the Bedlam: if wise, she will govern thee; if foolish, fret thee; how deare soeuer she lobes thee, she will sometime or other either crosse thee or crowne thee: And therefore if thou wilt be ruled by a friend, let neither old nor young, faire nor soule trouble thee: believe me as I have read, these are the properties of most Wives, to weaken strength, to trouble wit, to empty purses, and to breed humors. But if I be deceived in my reading and my author in his writing, either in altering your course, or proving your comfort, tell me your mind when we meet. Till then, wishing the continuance of that quiet wherein you now live, or the true contentment of the best liberty: leaving to your own discretion the managing of your affection, I commit you to the Almighty,

Thine what mine own, N.B.

His Answer.

GOD Confit, I find your kindness above your knowledge, in mistaking Paradise for Purgatorie: For a wife is the wealth of the mind, and the welfare of the heart; where the best Judgement of reason finds discretion contentments. May be, is a doubt: but what is, must be regarded: in which sense I am pleased. Where Youth with Beauty, and Wit with Vertue hath power to command, there kindness must obey. Poverty I fear not, and wealth I seek not, but it sufficeth me to seek no other fortune for the summe of my worlds happiness: where the abiding of evil, and the hope of good, makes me know more comfort then you are able to conceive, till you enter in that course, wherein the joy of love is the second blessedness of this life. What shall I say, but that I know not what to say, to expresse the perfection of this pleasure, which puts down all idle imaginations? from which hoping to see thee removed when I see thee, till then and ever, I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, D.E.

A kind Letter of a Creditor for money.

SIR, I pray you take it not unkindlie that I write thus earnestly unto you: for more necessity then will hath urged me to it; my money is not so much, as you well able to discharge it: my losses by Sea and ill Creditors by Land, make me straine curtesie with my friends for their help in an extremity; yet do I desire nothing but my due: but as I was ready to lend, I would be glad to receive with that fulness of good will, that may continue our kindness. I write not this as doubting your discretion, but to intreat your patience, if your purse be not in tune; for were I as I have been and hope to be, I could rather bear too long, then aske too soon, especially of so good a friend, as I have alwaies found of your selfe. Consider therefore of my case, and in your kindness answer me. Time is precious, and therefore lest by disappointment I be distressed, and so perhaps discredited, I pray you speed your answer: which, howsoever shall be welcome: and therefore earnestly intrating you to help me now, that I may the better requite your kindness hereafter, with many thanks for your great favours which cannot be forgotten to be deferred: I take me leave further at this time to trouble you, but will rest in what I shall be able ever to pleasure you, to make you know how much I love you,

Your loving friend, T.R.

A Packet of Letters.

25

The Debtors Answer.

SINCE your request is so reasonable, and your kindness so much, that for a greater matter than you demand, if my purse were not in tune, I would straine my credit very far for you: beare then a little with my forgetfulness of the Day, and think it not trouble to my patience to be put in mind of my credit: your Sea losses I am sorry for, and wish you recovery by land. Debtors that will not pay, make Creditors they cannot lend: but for my selfe to make you know how much interest you have in my affection, let me tell you that though by some unexpected expences I am short of my hoped reckoning, yet upon the receipt of your letter, I have been thus carefull for you, your money I have sent you, and as much more for so long time I will lend you: which you shall receive of this bearer, and in my letter the day of payment: which if it may please you so much as I wish you, I am glad I had it for you: howsoever it fall out, use it to your owne discretion, and so far be alwaies assured of my love that my word and deed shall be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in unfained good will, I rest alwaies to my uttermost power,

Yours as my own, L.W.

A Letter of News.

TO perform my promise in my last Letter, my kind and best Cousin, you shall understand of such accurrents as I hear go current and for truth. I hear there are certaine old people that speak much of Prophecies, where they set it down for a certaine Rule, that this year and many to come, hee that wants money in his purse and a friend in the Court, may walke in the Country, and pick straws for his comfort, for the Law is very dangerous: for begging, and Charity is so cold, that the poore must starbe rather then the rich will want. Old men shall never be young again in this world, and beauty in a young woman will not let her know her selfe: honestie without wit shall die on the fool, and craft without credit will labour to little purpose. In summe there will be a great Plague among the poore, with lack of honestie: but it may be nature may alter her course in many things, and Prophecies may fall out in contraries. Howsoever it shall be welcome that comes in Gods name: and so hoping thou lovest no legerdemaine, nor wilt be led away with blind Prophecies, writing this only of exercise for a merry humour, I rest,

Thine what mine own, P.R.

The

The Answer.

Such idle Prophets as you meet with, have such kind of matter as you write of : but let the world wag as it list, there is not a truer wag in the world then thy selfe : and were it not that I fear my Letter would come to light, I would answer you in your kind. But to be short, let me tell you, that Laws are good to take order with such Out-laws, as after prodigality put themselves upon charity. And yet to crosse your rule of little experience, old men may have young humours, faire Wenches put wise men to their wits, and honesty may thrive with a mean trade, when a crafty knave may lose by his cunning broking. As for the Plague, I fear it is never from you ; for if neighbors agree, yet their wives may fall out ; and while the poore fret and the rich flowne, there is little hope of health, where the world is so out of quiet. And therefore hoping that you have wit enough to beware the Knave and the Foole, and to make your choice of the best company, wishing you continuance of your good humour, with thanks for your waggish Letter, I rest in our old league,

Yours as mine own, R. B.

A Letter perswading to Marriage.

Care Cousin, I doe not a little wonder at your solitary life, and more at your little care to match your selfe in marriage with some Virgin worthy your love : will you leave the world without memory of your name? your inheritance to no issue of your own honour? and run a course of too little comfort ? He thinketh that your knowledge of the diversity of varieties should settle your consent upon some speciall vertue: what if some women be aged? some are youthful, and some scoward, other may be kind: and some wanton? there are better stayed : and some fallen ? some are loving : and is there none can fit your humour ? God forbid : the law of Nature, the law of Reason, the law of God doth will it, that love breeds increase by a vertuous conjunction, which cannot be performed without honour of this course. Bastards will be witness of their Parents wickedness, when naturall children are the joy of their Fathers, and a true loving wife is worth a thousand wild Walkers : her care in the house, her kindness at the table, and her comfort in the bed, are pleasures better conceived then expressed; fall then aboard with such a Bird as you may hold for your Phoenix, and shake thy mind at best libertie, when it is free from the bonds of folly. If fine, let me intreat thee to make thy house a home, thy wife thy worlds love, and thy children thy earths joy : which as I hope thou wilt be glad to have, I shall

shall be glad to see. For good speed wherof, in hearty prayers, I rest,
Your loving Cousin, R.W.

His Answer.

My kinde Cousin, I see that you are better read then experienced: for Bachelors Wives, and Maidens Children are pretty things to play withall: but he that knowes many dangers will take heed of all. A Wife is an everlasting substance, which if it be not of the better nature is a perillous thing to meddle withal: for if it catch hold of the hands it may put the heart to soze pain: and the Phoenix is such a Figure as if I must finde her in a Woman, I fear me I must seeke a great way for her. For the Lawes that you speak of, I yeeld to truth, but love is so nice a humoꝝ, that he seldome settles in a place; for Bachelors I love not the breed, and better Children will do well when they come. For bed and board and those tricks, let them joy in them that have them, when I find time I will think of them: in the meane time, moze at quiet in my lodging with a friend, then perhaps I may be at home with a wife, not forswearing Marriage, nor posting to Purgatory in stead of mistaken Paradise, wishing thy prayers for my better happines then lovers solnes, and if I do marry, to be kindly matched, I rest,

Thine ever as mine own, D.L.

A Letter of unkindness upon the denial of a
Courtship.

If my deserts had not excēded my desire, I would have hated the nature of my humoꝝ, which loves nothing less then to be too much beholding: my request was not so much, and the grant but easie, howsoever for ill fashion the excuse may be cunningly framed: but though I conceive unkindness in this course, I can rather grieve then be angry, for I will mistrust my wit till I see too much of my sorrow, and love my friend though I be plain with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tell you of my discontent, then to cover dissimulation, & to with your better regard of my affection, which in denying a trifle may lose a greater benefit: but not to go too far in impatience, let me thus grow to an end; Friendship once grounded is not easily removed: and therefore being assured of my love, bear with my dislike, and wherein I may better pleasure you, doubt not the ill requisall of unkindness, for I can chide and not be angry, and better love you then tell you so. And so intreating your reasonable answer for my satisfaction, I rest, all displeasure set apart,

Your loving friend, N.S.

C

His

His Answer.

Your humorous kinde of writing puts me to study for an answer, for your anger without cause, may move cause of anger? you know you might command what I am, and will you give more? Conceit may be deceived, and so kindness abused, and suspicion of impatience hath the least part of discretion. Excuses are idle among friends, and therefore words shall be deferred till our meeting, when seeing your owne faults you will not think amisse of your friend: Grieve not then without cause, nor be carried away with conceit, & as you know my nature commands my love, which is far from the thought to make a friend beholding: be not discontent with a deniall till you have better reason of displeasure; but measure me with your selfe, and you shall finde small cause of difference; if there be any let kindness dispute it, reason confesse it, and patience heare it: so shall friends be themselves, and you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you will satisfie your selfe with this answer till we meet to talke further of the matter, I conclude with your kindness and rest ever,

Yours as you know, T.W.

A Letter to an unthankfull Person.

I have heard that a Prince sometimes obtaining punishment of all offences, lest ingratitude for the gods to plague, as past mans power to punish enough: The tale may well be true, considering the bilenes of such a nature, as I think the like lieth not in the shape of man. Could it thou not only forget, but abuse my kindness, & so make a monster of a wicked shadow? I could not have beleaved it, had not I too well proved it. But I wish you could leave that humor, lest it make a loathsome baseness; yet will I learn to know the condition of so much bilenes, and as well warn my friends from an enemy, as further abuse my own wit with so mistaking of a friend. In briefe therefore let me tell you, as I know you I regard you; and as I found you I leave you, as one fit, if there lacked a Card to be put into the stocke for a wicked help. And so sorry to have lost so much time to write to you, I wish all the world that knowes you to hate you,

Your enemy from the heart, D.M.

His Answer.

How strangely men will write whom impatience hath put out of order! A good turn is lost when it is cast into the receivers teeth, and abuse misconceibed can hardly be well excused: consider better of what is done,

done: then wrong the meaning of a good mind, & you shall find without excuse no true cause of displeasure. If the information of malice have moved choler without judgment, worse men must endure the misery of evil fortune. Against my selfe I will confesse nothing, but refer time to decide all doubts, when truth shall shew the differences between a shadow and a better substance. So leaving ill humors to like minds, and god thoughts to better natures, hoping to find you your selfe, which will be far enough from that you write, in spite of the Devill, I commit you to God, and so I rest,

Your friend whether you will or no, D.R.

A Letter to laugh at after the old fashion
of Love to a Maid.

After my hearty commendations, trusting in God what you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father and my Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, and all my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time, is, that Margery, I do heare since my coming from Wakefield, when you know what talke we had together at the sign of the blew Cuckow, and how you did give me your hand and sware that you would not forsake me for all the world: and how you made me buy a Ring & a Heart, that cost me eighteen pence, which I left with you, and you gave me a Napkin to weare in my Hat, I thanke you, which I will weare to my dying day. And I marvel, if it be true as I hear, that you have altered your mind, and are made sure to my neighbor Hoglins younger Son. Truly Margery, you do not well in so doing, and God will plague you for it: and I hope I shall live, and if I never have you: for there are more maids then Malkin, and I count my self worth the whistling after. And therefore praying you to write me your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of all how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God from Gallowgreen,

Your true Love, R.P.

Her Answer.

Truly Roger I did not looke for such a Letter from your hands, I would you should know I scozne it: have I gotten my Fathers and Mothers ill will for you, to be so used at your hands? I perceibe, and if you be so jealous already, you would be somewhat another day; I am glad I finde you, that you can beleve any thing of mee: but

but it is no matter, I care not, send me my Napkin, and you shall have your King and your Heart, for I can have enough if I never see you more: for these are more Watchelloes then Roger, and my penny is as good silver as yours; and therefore seeing you are so lustie, even put up your pipes, for I will have no more to do with you: And so unsaying all that ever hath been said betwixt us, make your choice where you list, I know where to be beloved, and so I end. From Wakefield.

M.R.

From a Father to a Son, advising against
Suretiship.

My Sonne, I hope so well of your disposition, that you will not unkindly conceive of that which in love I write; for such is the nature of my affection, as I had rather be understood in carefull advising you for your good, then found winking at your ill. It is told me, which I am sorry to hear, but would be more aggrieved to believe, that you are very ready to write your name under bills and obligations: by which as well for your own idle expences, as to pleasure others in hurting your selfe, you begin to take up so fast, that I feare you will be so low taken downe, that you will hardly ever rise againe. Bewee me Son, Suretiship is a pibby enemy to a good nature, which may sooner pay thee, then receive one, and therefore among other things that I wou'd have you to take heed of, let suretiship be one of the chiefest: what you can spare your friend, deny him not; but as you love your liberty, beware of sealing and delibering. Play is but losse of time that might be better employed, for the gaine is but ungracious, and the losse is often grievous, and therefore use it little, and rather for company then pleasure. Dancing I allow of: but let not your legs sling away your wit, in wasting your wealth; spend by measure howsoever your musick make you dance. Be carefull of thy speech, thristy in the expence, weary of thy company and jealous of thy friend: serve God, and fear not the Devill; what thou needest, let me know, and in the care of my counsell let me see thy love, of which having no doubt, and therefore wishing thee all good, desirous shortly to heare from thee, I rest,

Your loving Father, L.W.

The Answer.

My deare Father, farre be it from my heart to have an unkinde thought of so kinde a Father, in whose good advice resteth the most part of my worldly happinesse: what you have heard, I beseech you

you not to beleeeve of me : I have seen in others so great mischief & misery to ensue upon suretiship, that I rather wish never to write then to subscribe me ruined. For so few pay their own debts, and so many pay for others till they have nothing to pay for their own, that who keeps my friendship for that end, shall misse of my love to another : and therefore fear not what you hear, but beleeebe what I say. Touching play, I love not to trouble my braine with idleness, nor lose time in the abuse of hope : For Dancing as it is not an exercise that I do not dislike, so it is not so much my delight, but I can rather leave it then love it; but for my expences, fear not so much my little care of your charge, nor lesse regard of your love, in which under Heaven, holding my hearts chiefe happiness : in prayer for your health and hearts ease, I take my leave,

Your obedient Son, T.W.

To a familiar Friend.

Having little matter wherewith to entertaine your expectation, I have been enforced to study for nothing. By this Bearer I know you looke to heare from me, and to salute you with silence were a cold commendation : Let it therefore suffice to heare of my health, and the good passages of all the proceedings touching your law causes : wherein if my love faint in labour, I will leave to be my selfe : ere it be long I shall have occasion to come near you, when a few miles shall not be much out of my way to see you : when if your Falcons be in tune, I shall be glad to see a flight : so soon as conveniently you may, I pray you let me hear from you : and if you come to the Town, let my house be your Inn; where making your own welcome, I hope we shall be merry. And thus for want of matter, briefer then I would be, I commend my love to your kindness, and so rest alwaies,

Your assured loving friend, M.P.

The Answer.

He that hath his wits at commandment, needeth little to study, and therefore being provided of invention, a little matter will serve the turn : if of nothing you make so much, what would you do with a little more? Thus I write to meet with your Lume, which in silence speaks more, then he who talks much to lesse purpose : in briefe, for your kind Letter I thanke you ; for your care of my businesse I will have care of you, and for your selfe onely I love you : if you have occasion to come down, use my house as your own : my Falcon hath kild a Partridge,

A Packet of Letters.

ridge, but of her flight I will make no bzags, but when you come, you shall see sport that I am perswaded will like you: in the mean time glad to hear of your health, the continuance whereof I heartily pray for, wishing as soon as conveniently I may, to see you, that we may try a Course with our Greyhounds for a fat Bucke: Having now no matter of import wherewith to trouble you, with my most hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty,

Your very loving friend, C.K.

To a familiar Friend.

Either paper is scant, your affaires are great, or your spirit is lasie, that in so many weekes, I have not heard from you so much as how you do. The cause I would be glad to know, so it be not such as I shall be sorry to heare, that either lacke of health or liberty be not the cause of your silence: pray you therefore mend this little fault in friendship, to cease the trouble of imagination; and in a sufficient excuse let my thoughts at quiet, which being much distempered through doubt of your health, I have sent this bearer on purpose unto you: whom I beseech you in all love returne to me with all speed. News we have none worthy the writing, and therefore knowing your spirit desirous not to be troubled with toyes, in that hearty love that holds you as dear as my life, wishing no greater worlde comfort then in the continuall enjoying of your happy company, hoping shortly to see you ere, which can be no sooner then long wished, and shall be ever most welcome, in the unfeigned affection of a true friend, I rest,

Yours as mine own, N.B.

The Answer.

I Perceibe it is true, that I have often heard, that love is not without jealousy, but as fearefull of hurt as careful of good; but to put you out of all doubts that may be some disquiet to your wished rest, let it suffice you to know my health is as you left it, I thanke God for it; my affairs are not much but I could salute my friend; nor my spirit so lasie, but I could write a Letter to my so much beloved; and to excuse my silence, let me tell you, that the last week I wrote to you by your Fathers Bailiff, who, I marvell, hath not delivered it ere this time: In that Letter you shall find my minde touching your suite in Court, which I feare, if it be tedious, will prove more chargeable then commodious; but observing a good course, a good opportunity may be prospoious: in my letter I have writ-

written at full unto you, wherein I hope you will cleare all suspicion of any fault in my silence, and expect my coming down ere it be long; in the mean time, with hearty thanks for all kindness, without any further needless complement, I rest,

Yours as my own, R.B.

A Love Letter.

Fairest Mistress, if upon so small conference, words may have credit, she shall not live whose labor shall command more of my service: for such is the unfeigned affection, in which I have devoted my self to your imploiment, that if there be a heaven in this world, I will seek that Paradise but in your kindness. Think not that I seek with eloquence to creep in your good opinion: for I had rather be, then seem to be, him that you will I shall be: for such bring your worthinesse, of far more honor then the service of my affection, mistrust not his truth, who hates the thought of dissimulation, and wisheth no greater happiness then in the honour of your commandment: for I being but you, being favoured by you, I cannot be happy but in you. To court you with flatterie is too common a folly, and to bestow your kindness with a conceit of baseness; but to avow your service, let it be the duty of love, which from your heart to my eyes be a messenger of my true thoughts, who with all their might, to my uttermost power, have consured me with true service.

Yours only and wholly, H.W.

The Answer.

Good Sir, to abuse your kindness, were as ungratious, as to admit your service, might be dangerous: and therefore not unthankfull for your offer, give me leaue to consider of the acceptation: A sudden passion holds not, and a first view may be deceitfull: lead not then your heart by your eyes, to the hurt of your spirit, and sake not happiness in commandment, where liberty is so much contentment: liking may be short of love, and fancie may be mistaken in the true felicity: but if truth hath devoted your love, honour will be the reward of your service, which of you shall proffer to one more worthy, you shall make your selfe the more happy: for my selfe, I will thinke the best, till I find the contrary; but to avoid the worst, blame me not to be carefull. A good beginning with a better proceeding, promisseth a blessed ending; which wishing you in all those courses, where truth is honourable in all her actions, having occasion of your imploiment, in a friendly title of commandment,

ment. ready to acquite that kindnesse that is so honourable in construction, I rest as I find cause,

Your loving friend, M.R.

To a familiar Friend.

Having so fit a messenger, I could not let him passe without some remembrance of my love unto you, wherein if I may any waies pleasure you, I will be readier to perfozme it then speake it: touching such things as you wrote unto me by the Carrier, I have taken such order for them, as I hope will be to your content, not a little glad that I had so good an opportunity to speak with the parties, so soon upon your Letter: I assure you, I found them as tractable as you could wish. I have staied all causes till your coming to Town, when I hope to bring all matters to a good end: I have sent you by this Bearer a Rundlet of Sack, I hope not of the worst; howsoever it be I wish it be better then it is: I pray you take it in good part, and write me word how you like it, that I may either thank my Vintner or change him: Petw here are none, but old or false: and therefore onely wishing you all happinesse, with my hearty commendations to your self, and to your good Bedfelow, I commit you to the Almighty, London this 10 of April, 1653.

Your loving friend, T.W.

An Answer.

I Have received your kind Letter and friendly Token, for both which, with many other good favours, I most heartily thank you: and for your care of my business, be you assured it shall not be forgotten. I will be at London if I can within this moneth, when you shall rule me in all things as you list: I am glad you have spoken with them, and hope by your good meanes to have peace after a long warre: if it had not been for my Ague, I had been with you the last weeke, but as soone as I am sound, I intend to see you: in the meane time in requitall of your Sack, I have sent you a fat Doe, which if it prove like your wine, I am sure it will passe with warrant: as it is, I commend it to your kindness, and my selfe to your commandment: and so hoping of your good health, which I pray for as mine owne, with thanks to your wife for my Banbury cheese, for which I have sent her a pound of Pepper that she wrote to me for: ready in what may lie in our power to pleasure either any one or both of you as one: I take my leave at this time, but rest alwaies
Gawthorpe, April, 1653.

Your poor friend, M.R.

A Letter of Love to a faire Mistresse.

Sweet Lady, if the reach of my capacity could lime the hope of your favour, it should be a strange peere of service that I should refuse at your commandment: but when I thinke of your noblenesse, and then behold mine own unworthinesse, I can but swallow up those sighes, and dare speake nothing of my love: and yet when I know that the eyes of honoꝝ regard vertue in no little grace, in the service of honoꝝ, I can fear no ill fortune; in the nature of which humbleness, throwing my heart into your hands, at the feet of your favour, laying the height of my hopes happinesse, till occasion of imployment, and ever devoted to your commandment, I rest without rest, till I may ever onely and wholly rest,

Yours in all I am, or not to be my selfe at all, D.G.

Her Answer.

Sir, I have heard it of the wise, thus if hope lime to honoꝝ, Meritus is a good hold, whose service the most noble do most favourably entertain: in the nature of which humoꝝ if your affection be grounded, have no fear of fortune, howsoever envy be your enemy. Who speaks all in saying nothing, may understand an answer by the like reason, and think that hand unworthy honoꝝ, that will not kindly regard the heart of love: leave then the sighs of fear to the faithlesse, and swallow not a Gudgeon in a dream, but as you find cause of honoꝝ, so performe either your love or service, which too good for an unworthy, reserve for your better fortune: And so in the best sort of kindness, ready to requite your good meaning, I rest in what I may,

Your assured friend, N.L.

Roger to Margery his sweet heart.

Margery, I have received your snappish Letter whereby I see you are more angry then I thought you would have been for a mis-word or two: but I hope to mend what is amisse, for I see I was too blame, for now I finde the knavery of the world, I will looke a little better to my selfe: for it was your Caters doings to devise lies, to set you & me out, but if you will be ruled by me, we will meet with them well enough: upon Friday I will meet you at the market, where we will have a Cake and a Pot at the Pickerill and the Spur, there we will strike up a bargain, that will not be broken in halfe: and so sozry with all my heart that I have done as I have done: sending thee twenty kisses by

my Sister Parnell, and this bowed Groat for a love token, I rest,
Yours from all the world, R.O.

Her Answer.

Oh Roger, the world is well amended : I thought you were misused to write to me as you did ; but friends are nere so far out, but they may be as far in againe : and therefore since it was against your will, I forgive you with all my heart, and let my Cousin to his word, He not go from my word : on Friday He meet you at ten of the clock, and bring a peece of bacon in my pocket, to relish a cup of Ale; when it shall go hard if all hit right, but some body shall wipe their nose for their knavery: and so Roger, hoping that you will no more abuse me as you have done, to believe lies and tales of me, til you know the truth, treading all unkindness under foot, I rest with all my heart, as I was and will be ever,
Yours as you know, M.R.

From a Yeoman in the Country to his Son
in London.

Son, you know what charges, I have been at with you, as well in bringing you up to London, as in furnishing you for your preferment : all which I hope you will have such care of, that I shall not think any thing lost that I have done for you ; in any wise serve God, please you master, and be carefull of such things as you are put in trust with : be rather an example of good then of evil, and have patience with all things, howsoever you are crossed in your expectation, beware of evil company, and play, and drunkenness; take heed of following fair women: I shall be glad to hear wel of you, and as I see you thristy, you shall finde me kinde; your Father is an honest man, and a good trade is gainful, but I hope I need not be too earnest in advising thee for thy welfare. God who hath created thee, I hope will blesse thee, that I shall have joy of thee : and for my selfe, with my blessing, I have sent thee here inclosed a token of my love, use it to thy god; shortly, God willing, thou shalt hear further from me ; in the meane time and ever, I rest,
Your loving Father, T.N.

An answer of the Son to his Father.

My good Father, I have received your kind Letter and Token, for which I humbly thank you: and for such things as you wish me to have

have care of, be you assured I will not be unmindful of: for my master I thanke God, he putteth me in trust more than I will speak, and useth me so kindly, that I were a lew if I should deceibe him: but my mistress is so perillous a woman, that if she be displeased, there is no quiet with her: but all the house may learn patience of my master and therfore I will feed her humour, and let her have her saying: for Women, when I mean to wiue I will take choice: and for ebill companie, I hope God will blesse me out of such as are not for my good: and therefore fear not, I hope one day to give you cause to thinke all well bestowed that you have or will lay out for me: I have sent you by this beater a hawking bag, my Mother a paire of globes, and my Sister a girdle: my Master hath him heartily commended to you, and to my Mother, and desires you to send him a good cheese, which he will requite; he hath sent my Mother a pound of Sugar, and giveth her thanks for her fine puddings This is all that at this time I have to write unto you, and therefore beseeching your blessing, praying to God for your health and long life, with my humble duty to you, and my good Mother, and commendations to all my friends, I commit you to the Almighty,

London.

Your loving Son, V.N.

To a Wife in the Countrey.

Good Wife, in all kindnes I commend thee to thy self, assuring thee, that I think it long till I have dispatched my business, and am at home again: But I hope of good success in my sute, for my counsel doth warrant my case cleare: upon Friday next I shall have triall, which I doubt not will go on my side: if it do not, my thought is taken, for I thank God I can live without it, though I would be loth to lose it. My health I thank God I have well, and pray for the same to thee and thine. I pray you send me up twenty pounds by this beater. with all speed, and within five daies after the dispatch of my business, expect my coming down; in the mean time kisse my little Babes for me, to whom with thy selfe, I send my heart's hoping commendations, and so in hast I commit thee to the Almighty,

London.

Your very loving Husband, R.T.

Her Answer.

Sweet-heart, your Messengers hast makes me brierer then otherwise I would bee, the good dispatch of your business I hope, and

heartily pray for : your health I am glad of, and your return cannot be so soon as wished for. Your money I have sent by this bearer : your little ones with my selfe would be glad to see you, who do not a little miss you, for divers causes tedious at this time to trouble you withall. But in any wise remember the Girdles Calve, good Husband make one end of other with it this Terme, lest delays and demors make you to spend more in it then it is worth: But you know what to do better then I can advise you, therefore leaving it to you discretion, to do what shall best please you, I commit you to God, and rest in hast,

Caulkeley,

Your very loving Wife, M.T.

A Letter upon ordinary causes.

SIR, it is given me to understand by some that lately came from these parts, that from the Island there have arrived of late certaine men, that by a crosse winde and sudden tempest, are driven into your harbours: if it be true and that they lye there for any time, I pray you faile me not to buy me a hundred of Ling, as much Haberdine, & other stuf, such as you think good: I would lay out a hundred pounds willingly: what you lay out, you shall upon your Letter have paid here in London, to whom you shall direct it: I have sent down by the Carrier, a piece of broad cloth, the same colour wherof you wrote unto me, I am assured it will be to you liking: if you need any more, or any thing else that may lie in my power, I pray you make as bold of me as any friend you have: God shew, or please John I have no need of, and therefore hoping that you will husband my purse as a friend, with my hearty commendations I commit you to the Almighty, London this 8. of May, 1653.

Your loving Friend, M.R.

The Answer.

SIR, your Letter and piece of cloth, I have received, for which I heartily thanke you, for which you shall receive money by my Cousen at Dice key, when it please you to send to him: but for the fisher-men, indeed they put in for a night, but in the morning the wind came faire, & they put to sea again: so that except a few Ling that they bestowed upon our Gales and Bathuses, for some fresh victuall that they had from us, there was little bought here at this time, but we hear of them that shortly we shall have a fleet come by us, when if there be any good to be

be done, I will not faile to befriend you to your content: in the meane time wishing any good occasion wherein I might requite your kindnes, in prayer for your health, and hearts ease, I commit you to God: Yarmouth this 15. of May, 1653.

Yours assured to command, T.D.

A Letter to a friend for dispatch of business.

I Am bold to intreat your kindnes, to stead mee in what you may touching the purchase of the Oils and Hop gardens, for which if your neighbor will take mine offer, I am for him, or else I must otherwise determine of my money that I have reserved onely for that use. I am offered great penny worths in divers places; but the aire pleaseth me well about that house, and the trout in the little brooks, have made me have a great mind to dwell thereabouts: if therefore you can bring him to my price, I will be beholding to you: if not, let me know his mind, and I am satisfied: so; to tell you the truth I would have it, though it cost me more then it is worth, and so intreating you to do me what good you can herein, for which you shall not find me unthankful, I rest,

Your loving friend, I.W.

The Answer.

I Received your Letter, dated the xiii. of this month, whereby I understand your mind touching the Lease of the two Oils and Hop gardens: but I cannot bring it to passe one penny under the sum, whereupon he tels me you were in a manner agreed: the man is hard but very honest, and the Land good, and lyeth finely to the house, the Soile is healthful, and there is good store of springs; besides, the River is not farre off, whereby you may have carriage wealthy from the City, upon a small reckoning: but use your discretion, the price you know, and me you may command, but time would not be desired, so; there are many about it; and therefore leaving to your discretion, either to take it, or refuse it, with assurance of my help to the utmost of my power, either in this or what else may please you, I subscribe rest,

Yours as you know, T.D.

A Letter of Love betwixt Rosalio and Lucretia.

Fairest of the world, and sweetest of the earth: the beauty of whose eyes puts the best wits to admiration; and the wisdom of whose government commands the honors of loves service; how should my amazed

spirit

Spirit hope of power to presume near the happiness of your favour? No, Fortune is my ever sworn enemy, and desert must take place in a high-est reach then the longest arme of my unworthiness; yet let me not bee so depriv'd of Reason, that I may not looke into the nature of Vertue, where honour in kindness makes beauty Angelical; but in the humility of affection to offer the imploiment of my service, in which if I faile the expectation of your affection, upon the commendation of insufficiency, let disgrace be my deadly punishment: where in the Labyrinth of sorrow I may languish all my daies. But if the Fates be not too forward in crossing the endeavours of my duty, be you gracious unto love, that hath wholly sworn me your servant; with which title if I may be honoured, I will seek no other colours of my comfort. But fearing your unknown occasion of affaires, I will not be tedious to your patience, but rest ever in my love,

Your avowed, though not allowed servant, *Rinaldo.*

VVirtuest of a hundred and craftiest of a thousand: whose eloquence like enchantment, would take prisoner a weak judgment. How should my simple capacity conceive the gift of your advice? Fortune is but a fiction, and therefore it is no matter for her friendship while desert hath a power in the preferment of duty, and love in vertue gives an honour to beauty, where if Reason be careful, Affection may be joyfull. But leave Angels to the Heaven, and take heed of Devils upon Earth, which under the cloak of humility hide the head of ambition. Perfection hath no affinity with corruption; and what the Heavens determine, the world must endure. But in flattery of my perfection, you have deceived my expectation, who imagining you wise, am sorry to see the contrary: And if I might be Iudge, the Law would quickly have his course, where dissimulation appearing, should be condemned to perpetual disdain; but hoping better of your humour then to wrong the simplicity of believe, let the patience of Affection lead you out of the Labyrinth of sorrow, to the mountain of that bliss, whose vertue may give you grace; to the attainment whereof, leaving your thoughts to their best issue, I rest as I may,

Your friend, *Lorina.*

A Reply.

The high honour of your vertue, that from the merit of your graces shieth through the world, so far beyond fame, as makes her ama-
red

zed of her wonder, so dampeth the powder of my spirit, that as an eye which is beholding the Sun, twinkleth with the lids for fear to lose the sight: so the humble eye of my heart, that in beholding the bright beams of your Sunny beauty, trembling in fears by presumption to lose the life of loves hope, submitteth it selfe to the will of that power, which in pity may save, or in fury may kill the life of that creature, who at the feet of your favour hath laid the height of his felicity. Shew therefore the heavenly nature of that vertue which may purchase you worthy honour: take not pleasure in destruction, that may be gracious in comfort: but lead the heart by your eye, that hateth the light, but in your love: where in the glasse of clearest grace, truth may see her beauty unspotted: and honour in truths service, craves but the entertainment of imployment: in which, time shall consume, that care shall ever conclude: my thoughts shall be only honoured in your service, and my love ever happy in your commandment: in hope whereof, if I may I will rest,

Yours ever, *Rinaldo.*

Her Answer.

The low course in loves comfort that you take, to lead you into my liking, is too far from the nature of good desert; that I know not whether silence were a fit answer to silence, or reprehension a just reward for inaction: and therefore in doubt what to do, pardon me, if I do not as I should: for although wisdom would admit no cause of danger, yet civility is such a law in nature, as is too great a friend to love. Yet if I could chide and not be angry, I could wish you leave a craping climbing, least you be thought a baser creature, then may stand with the honour of your condition, Leave a twinkling eye to Swifly sights, and figure not the Sun in the Cypher of a shadow: nor presume farther then you may passe without fear; but in submission use that discretion, that may maintaine the reputation of affection, and be perswaded that vertue cannot be ungracious, howsoever folly run upon destruction: murder is hateful to nature, and love is the joy of reason: what then should trouble a good spirit that is possessed of no ill humour, but in the resolution of honour to build the hope of his happiness: and while colours are fittest for Painters, to march under the Ensigne of truth; where in the field of fame, Vertue carrieth the victory: to the trial of which service, leaving the happy event of your adventures, I rest as I may.

Your poore friend, assured, *Lorina.*

A familiar Letter to a friend in the Countrey.

How near inggatitude is to forgetfulness, I would be loath my Silence should make proof, especially knowing the kind welcome of my unworthy Letters: and therfore understand you, that all things are here as you left them, health nothing impaired, and our substance (if we may so term our bodily treasure) little diminished: but our mindes, through want of your company, not so merry as when you were with us: for, the fasty spirits of unseasoned wits, who understand no other wealth then their own wit, make time tedious, which were it better exercised, would be more pleasing: & to tell you truth, were not books my better friends, I should be subject to much melancholy: but my library, though but little, stands me in much good stead, in which if there be any book that may pleasure you, I pray you make use of it: and so soon as you will may, let me intreat your return, and till then your often writing, that we may joy in your health, which as I hope of, I daily pray for: News here are many, but so few true, or of any worth, that being as yet altogether uncertain what to beleve, till I have further certain intelligence, I will crave pardon at this time, and rest alwaies,

Your assured friend, M. T.

His Answer.

In reading your letter, then which nothing but your selfe can be more welcome, me thinks I see the meeting of two lovers in a morning, who sorely dreaming of each other in their sleep, scarce well awake, came out with a kind of wonder, Oh Lord, how have you done since yesterday: so may I say to you: it is not a full week since we were together, and shall we seare silence for so little a while? But what shall I say? It is a pleasing humour to sollicite love, and content to the minde to continue quietness, which fortune crossing in want of presence, wit can work in spite of absence: let then the muddy sith dwell in miry Lakes, and the better natures seek sweeter places: and for thy Library, I will not make thee jealous of my love, but let me tell thee they are most sweet companions, and so for their own sakes esteem them; and though I love them, yet I will not deprive thee of any of them, for to an understanding spirit they are a kinde of Paradise. Now for my health, I thank God I need no Physick, and for my purse it hath bent enough for letting my money grow rusty; and for my minde to tell the truth it is with God and thee; with whom I hope to be shortly, till when, and then, and ever I rest,

Yours, what mine thine, N. B.

A Letter from a Father to his Son at the University.

My dear Sonne, as nothing can joy the heart of a Father more then the obedience of a loving childe, so can there be nothing more grievous then a Stubbozne spirit of an ungracious Sonne. I speake this to thee, knowing thy years and understanding able to digest the consideration of my desire: which in sum, is my joy in thy good. For let me tell thee, my estate thou knowest, and how much I have strained my credit for thy advancement, to which learning being a speedy and assured good means, I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit: in such fruits of thy study, as with the blessing of God may hasten thy preferment. I am sorry to tell thee, that I hear thy diligence doth not answer my desire, & I would gladly wish it otherwise; but I hope a kin's admonition will suffice to work a good nature; and therefore will rather hope the best then doubt the contrary, and in the love of a father, let me intreat thee to avoid the company of a lewd fellow, as rather an enemy then a friend: the feminine sex are dangerous to affect for as they will be a loss of time, so with hindrance of study they will produce expence. The exercise of thy body I admit for thy health, but let thy love be in thy learning, else wilt thou never be good Scholar: for desire and delight are the best Masters both of Art and Knowledge, while reason vertuous makes understanding gracious. And therefore not out of the bitter humor of displeasure, but the carefull nature of affection, I write unto thee for thine own good; and so praying to God for thee, whom I beseech daily to bless thee with my hearts love, to the Lords blessing I leave thee,

Your loving Father, H.N.

An answer of the Son to the Father.

After the bands of humble duty, my good Father, I have received your most kind and loving Letter, in which how much joy I have received, I cannot expresse; fearing rather your sharp rebuke, then loving admonition, but God himselfe who can and doth worke more in some natures with a kind chiding then in some other with many stripes; I know you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, and therefore do thus kindly touch the hurt of unheedfulnesse; for which how much I do humbly thank you, I hope my care of your counsell in time, shall pleasingly tell you; therefore, for what ill you have heard, grieve not; and of the good you may hear doubt not; and beleeve me, for I will not abuse your trust; what vanity soever I have seemed to affect, my Book hath been the Mistress of my love, in which how much I will labour, and from which what profit I will gather, your hope shall see in the ef-

A Packet of Letters.

44

fect of Gods blessing: without the which, how dangerous are diuers studies to the understanding of ingracious spirits, I would it were not known in any, and I pray God that none may know it in me: my preferment I leave to Gods pleasure, who best knows how to dispose of his servants: and for your contentment that it may be in my obedience. Your health as the world: happiness, I pray for: mine own moderate exercise, with abstinence from excess, both with Gods blessing hold me in good state: and for the feminine sex, though I would be no hypocrite, yet I had rather read of them then be acquainted with them: so I allow of your opinion touching them: and so hoping that ere long, you shall receive as much content of my courses, as you have ever doubted the contrary: in the duty of my humble love I take my leave for this time, but rest alwaies,

Your datifull Son. V.N.

To his dear and only beloved Mistris, Susan Pearle.

Sweetest of my thoughts, and dearest of my love, if Reason had the power to expresse the nature of the passion, I am perswaded that the eye of thy beauty would bouchsafe a kinde look upon the heart of my love, which continually languishing in the doubt of my affection desireth not to live but in comfort of thy kindness: leth I am with ceremonious eloquence to make suspicion of truth and yet an Orient Pearl would be set in pure gold: gress speeches fit not fine spirits: and for your selfe I will rather honour then flatter you: and if I may serve you, I will so well deserve of you, that I will have the hope of my worlds happiness, upon the honour of your labour: setting aside all care of other contentment, I have bequeathed my life to your love: in which if I faile in the truth of your trust, let me receive the reward of your disgrace, which is more bitter then death can be. Let me but intreat your admission of my service, beleeve of my love, and regard of my trial: which be it in body or in mind, shall have no rest, but in your pleasure. What shall I say? but time is precious, and delayed patience in passion most grievous: hasten therefore I beseech you, the hope of my desire. In the happiness of your commendment, and let no cloud of mistrust barre the light of your love, which being on the earth the only bright Starre that leads me to the worlds heaven, let me live as in death, till I may revive in this comfort: in hope whereof, and desire of which, laying the head of my fortune at the feet of your honour, I rest with little rest, till I may fully, and wholly rest,

Yours and all, or mine own nothing at all, T.L.

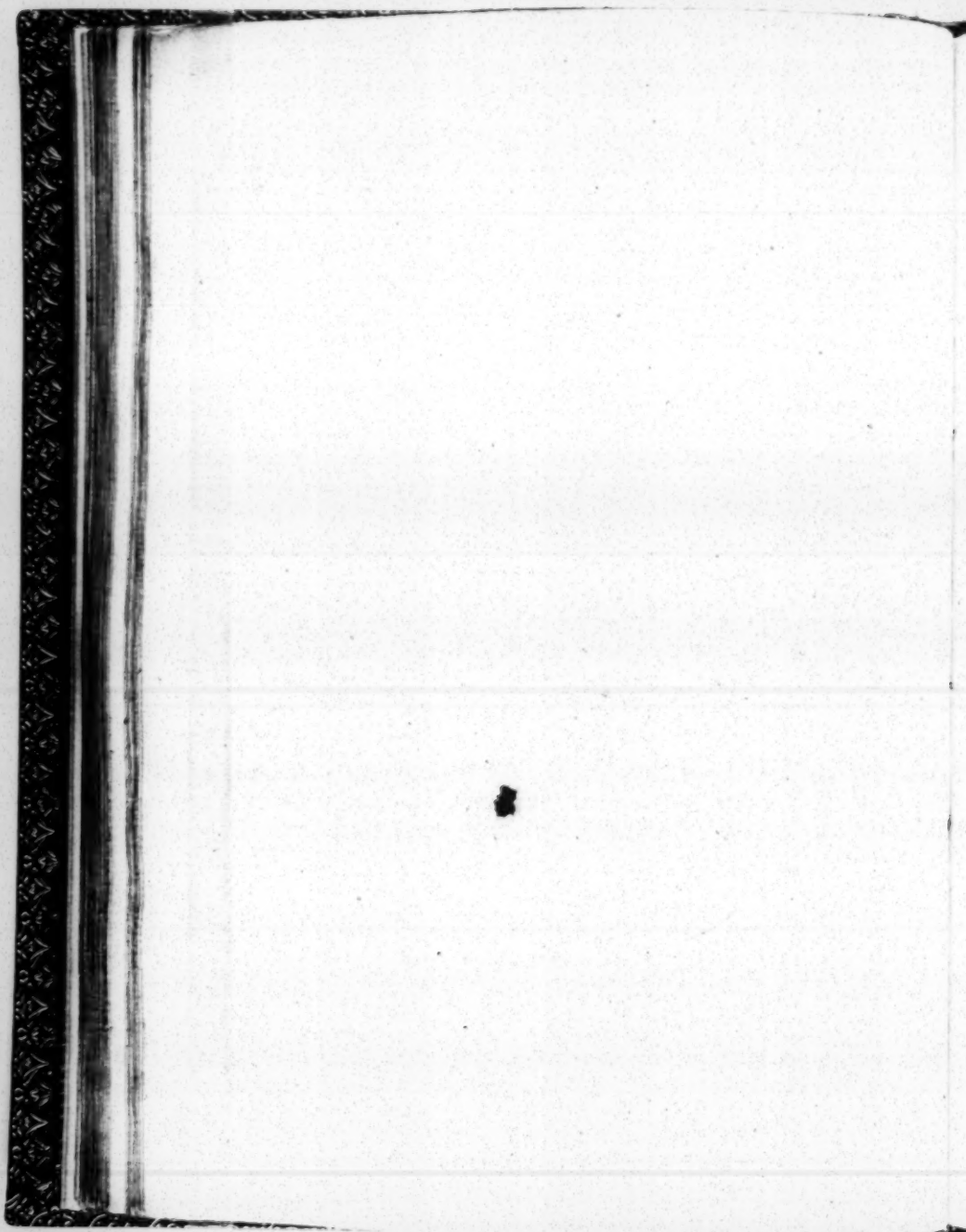
FINIS.

A P O S T E WITH A P A C K E T O F M A D L E T E R S.

Newly Imprinted.



London, Printed, for R. Chiswell at the Sun and Bible near the Corner, 1660.





To the Reader.



Reader, I know not what you are, and therefore I cannot well tell what to say ; onely this at adventure : if you be wise you will not play the foole in scoffing at that which perhaps may deserve a better countenance: if you be not wise, I can but pray for your better understanding ; howsoever you be, I will hope the best of you, that you will think of my Work as it deserves, which is as much as I desire. If you get any good by it, thank me for it, if hurt, thank yourself for your abuse of that might serve you better. This is all I can and will at this time say unto you: my intent was to pleasure many, and you may be one of them : and to hurt none at all, therefore not you. So leaving my Book to your liking ; as it falleth out, I rest, as I have reason,

Your friend,

Nicholas Breton.

The Contents of the second Book.

A Letter between the Knight R.M. & the Lady E.R. with her answer. p. 49
 His reply with her answer. 50
 A merry Letter from a conceited friend to his like familiar, with the answer. 51
 A reply to the last Letter, with some news and the answer. 52
 Another reply with the answer. 53
 To my honourable good Lord, my Lord *Morafi.* 54
 To my loving Cousin, T.W. Justice of Peace, *ibid.*
 To the right honourable, his very good Lord, the Lord, W H 55
 To his dear friend, Master F. R. at his lodging in the Temple; 56
 A Letter of a Bachelor to a rich widow. 58
 A letter of advice to his friend W.G. *ib.*
 To his most honourable Lady, Madam *Isabella Tarina.* 60
 To my most beloved Godfather, T.H. 61
 To my dearest beloved friend, H.W. 62
 To his fairest mistress, and hearts honor, mistress A L. 63
 To his very good friend, master, W.B. for the borrowing of ten pounds for six months. 64
 To the right worshipfull my very good Master, Sir Thomas Ward, Knight, at his house in Padow. *ib.*
 To my assured loving friend, T.B. with speed for money lent to restore back. 65
 To a Judge in behalf of an offender. 66
 A letter of complement to my very good friend, Master H. W. at his house in *Arbingworthy.* *ibid.*
 To his assured friend, master Thomas Rife, at his house in the Strand, intreating his help for dispatch of business. 67
 To his very good friend, Mr. R.M. concerning the purchase of certain land *ib.*
 A Letter to a proud mistress, with the ans. of a witty (but railing) wench. 68
 A Letter of a challenge to a swaggerer, with the answer. 69
 To my very good Cousin, Master, J.D. at

his house in *Swands.* *ib.*
 To his dearest, fairest and worthiest of love, honor and service, Mrs E.E. 71
 A letter to a friend to borrow a piece of money, and the answer, *ib.*
 A letter of good counsell to mistress, H. C. at her house in *Chest.* 72
 To my sweet love, Mistress E. P. with the answer. 73
 An old mans Letter to a young widow, with the answer. 74
 A Letter of a young man to his Sweet-heart, with the answer. 75
 A merry Letter of news to a friend, with the answer. 76
 To a young man going to travell beyond the Sea. 77
 To his friend G. T. in his time of sickness and sorrow, for a great misfortune, with the answer to the same. 78
 A younger brother to his elder, false unhappily on a little wealth, and suddenly grown fondly proud. 80
 To a fair proud Tit, with the answer. 81
 A kind sister to her loving brother, with the answer. 82
 A young man to his first love, with the answer. 83
 A Traveller beyond the seas to his wife in England, with the answer. 84
 A letter admonitory to his friend in love, with the answer. 85
 The Country mans Letter to his beloved sweet-heart, E S with the answer to her heart of gold and beloved. 87
 An angry Letter by a young love in the country to his love, M N, with the ans. 88
 To her more friendly, then beloved faithfull, master *Tha. Jewell.* 89
 A valedictory Letter to his inconstant Mistress. 90
 An amorous Letter to a most fair creature. 91
 A Letter gratulatory to a kind Gentlewoman, *ibid.*
 A Love Letter. 92



A P O S T E

With a Packet of mad Le^tters.

A Letter between the Knight, R.M. And
the Lady, E.R.

Faire Lady,



What should be that spirit, which through the in-
dinct of love understandeth the silence of truth, whose
tongue is the heart, whose woords are sighs, in which
are hidden the secret fruits of those Trees, that only
grew in the Paradise of reason: Touchtase then, faire
eye, more bright then the Sun-beams, with one
splendent glance of your graces favour, to blasse this
rude and unworthy paper, the which if it hath made you any way
offended, in the fire consume it: but if through the power of the fates,
or the effect of your kindness, it may do you the least pleasure, let him
be metamorphosed to worse then nothing, that would be any thing,
but this Letter, during your reading, or ever any other thing, then at
your pleasure in your service; for that under heaven, having no course
of comfort, but in my thought, that shall seek sweetness in other sense;
so looking for no felicity but in the nest of the Phoenix, which is in the ad-
miration of honor, in humility of love I rest,

Yours devored to be commanded, R.M.

Her Answer.

W^hedome might well appeare in that heart, which could
pierce into the conceit of that spirit, that with the figures of
love, deceives the sense of simplicity, which not suspending evil, finds
seldome other substance. Oh poore truth, how is thy title made a sha-
dow of deceit? while in seeking of Paradise, Folly falls into Hell; yet
not to wrong any creature, happy may he live that makes faith his
felicity, and pardoned be that Paper that decees but his Masters mes-
sage.

rage: then let sighes be buried in the death of forgetfulness, while silence understandeth that vertue speaketh: and in the fire of that flame whose heat is more felt and seen, be that letter burned that offends me with pleasure: so assuring my selfe, that if from the nest of the Phoenix you pass without a feather, either the figure will be a Cypher, or the fancy affection: so labbing your best thoughts to a blessed issue, I rest affectionately,

Yours in what I may, E.R.

His reply.

Vain thy should that heart be of the least of loves happiness, that can have power to give place to the poison of deceit: and more then miserable were the life, that to hell makes such a passage. O blessed Creature, do not think the world to be the Cave of the accursed. Nor do a wrong to love, in the suspicion of truth: Simple Faith hath no fear, and true love cannot faine: but if silence be the onely answer of expectation of comfort, hope in obscurity must seek the happiness of desire: but let not fancy be a Cypher, when faith knows no fiction: but let your favour be the feather in the nest of my honours Phoenix: which till I may kindly receive, I shall in the Sun-beams of your vertue consume to the ashes of discomfort: in which, commending the sum of my life, to the true and honourable service of love, I rest,

Yours what mine own, R.M.

The Answer.

Vagitations is that spirit, that through suspicion of Deceit, doth injury to love: and blessed is the fancy, that lives only by faith: sweet is the war where kindness ends the quarrell: and little the hurt: where hope is a most present and ready help: in briefe, they are blind travellers, that in seeking to find Heaven, go to Hell, and if Love be himselfe he hath life in assurance: let it then suffice you, to find the one of Defect, where desire exceeds not limits of Reason; so in the nature of that honour, that gives vertue her best grace, commending the comfort of your care to the condition of your conceit, I rest as I have occasion to equal honour in true affection,

Yours as I find cause, E.R.

A merry Letter from a conceited friend to his like familiar.

Honesty, I hope I am in the right, except the great winde have blowne clean away your best wit : give me leave, spite of your teeth, to tell you that I love you ; and lest I should grow deaf, I would be glad to hear of you, and therefore having a fit messenger, I thought it not amiss to write, not for any thing I have to say, but that while I think of you, you shall see I will not forget you : for though complements are but idle, yet they make words instead of other matter. Now to the purpose, you shall understand, that at the writing herof, a sudden occasion of business made me make an end ere I begun, and therefore intending to write I know not what, to abridge my conceit I know not how: but hoping that you are wise enough to think what you list, I will only pray for you, that being in as good health as I left you, as soon as conveniently you can, I may meet with you when and where it shall please you, for as you know I am for you in all kindness to quite you, and so to him that made you, ever to bless and keep you, with my hearty commendation I leave you,

Yours what mine own, N.B.

An Answer to the same.

Merry Gzigge, I am sure I am not in the wrong, except the Sunne & radiant beames have dried up your waines since I left you: let me, for I will tell you, and in my love I omitted you, and will not be idle, as not to answer you ; that my senses do not so faile me, but that I understand you, and having no better company, would be glad to be troubled with you : for you have not a kind thought wherein I do not quarrel with you, whether is of more force in the nature of true friendship : which because fortune favours few fools this year, we must tarry longer to play our game ; but nebet too late to go to an ill bargain ; for now we talke our piques take no hurt, but when the Xerm comes, that we may joyne issue in our cause, I fear the Kings-head in Fish-street will find us two good Clients : but all is well that ends well, except it were bad in the beginning, as I think by this my letter: for being troubled with He not tell you what, lest it should make you think I care not what, I have written what ye may read, and doe as you see cause either to reply with imperfection, or let it rest with a Non-plus ; and so not doubt,

A Packet of Letters.

doubting you to be you r selfe, and to put me in the number of your second selfe, I rest to your self and my selfe,

One alwaies yours, H.W.

A reply to the last Letter, with some news.

If you were as wise as I could wish you, I could take a little paines to write unto you : and yet for that you understand your selfe, I care not if I trouble you with a little idleness. In the Parish of Saint As, at the signe of the Hobbi-horse, Paid Parrian and the fool fell together by the ears with the Piper: so that had not the good man of the Pewter-Canelestick set in for the Dissonance, the Play-game had been quite spoiled : but when the game had gone round, and their bzaines were well warmed, their legs grew so nimble, that their heeles went higher then their heads: but in this cold sweat, while lustie guts and his best beloved were calling Sheepes eies at a Cods head, Hue and Cry came suddenly throug the street; The fox hath kild a tame Gose, at the sudden noise whereof the multitude were so scared, that all the Dissonancers were divided, and the fool ran home to put to wne; but because we have some miss of him in our Parish, I pray you keepe him not too long with you and so for lack of better present occurrences, content your self with such news as the times afford you : hereafter you may have better, till when, and alwaies I rest as you know,

Yours, N.B.

An answer to the news.

If you were not more then half mad, you would not have danced such a Frenchmoe with your little wits; but yet since I guess it is about the fall of the moon, I will hope shortly of your amendment : in the mean time let me advise you to take patience to your understanding to direct you in a better course : for when you waked out of your dream, you saw no body but the man that you thought was runne to our town, and he was putting you on a Coat with four Elbowes : For Paid Parrian, he, I thinke is troubled with you in her Cream-pot : but for the Hobbi-horse, alas, he hath forgot your turne, and therefore you shall do well to make repaire to our market ; I thinke it will be a Saints day, when if a naughty Bird do not cross the Fightingale, you shall heare some strange musick about your Wedow-plot, and at the least you shall heare the old Song that ye were wont to like well of, sung by the blacke browes with the chery-cheeke under the side of the pipe

piece *Cote* : Come live with me and be my love : You know the rest and so I rest,

Thine what mine own, H.W.

Another Reply.

O Brave Oliver, leave me not behind you : you play the Merchant all the weeke, and make all worke upon the Holy day : you would be angry if you could tell how : and yet having the Cards in your hand you cannot choose but turn up the Ruddy : the matter is not great, that Taylor that fitteth my Coat, hath made you many a Jacket, where if it were not for displeasing Jack an Apes, I could make him fall cut with the workman, for acquainting you with his invention : but let this passe, and to a better purpose : my neighbour and your good friend hath a welcome in store for you : and his eldest daughter would make you both a Husband and a brother : her worth you know, and his wealth will do no hurt : I should be glad of your good fortune, and you I think should play well at, be you pleased, and so much for the conjunction. Now for news I hear none of late, but that the Bailiffe of our hundred hath had a mischance, his wife taken a blow that never smarted, he hath a pain in his head, that cannot be cured : for having no other Plaster then patience, is resolved to make good chere with his friends : finding himselfe alone, is content to make merry with good fellows : this is all for this time, and so in hast, I end,

Yours, N.B.

An Answer.

When wit goes a wool-gathering, the thred of it may be fine if it be well spun : I see you have little to doe that have so much leisure to play your Lute-pups : If I could meet you right I would fit you a penny worth : but though I cannot pay you your due, I will not die in your debt ; and though I play at Ruddy I will not take the card out of your hand, for I know not how you can spare him : but leaving Gamesters to their tricks, and Jack an apes to his monkey, let mee tell you that for your neighbour you are so near him, that I need not trouble him : and for his wealth and her worth, you know well enough what to do with them : for my selfe, I love not to shake hands with your Constable in the company of kind fellowship ; but yet not wronging an honest Wench, I would wish her better fortune then my affliction ; and so commending my selfe, I will assist thee with my good

good prayers, that the Bailiffe of the hundred may find thee one among a thousand, I mean to shake hands, but not heads with: and so in some little occasion of sudden business, I will here conclude for this time, and alwaies rest,

Thine, H.W.

To my honourable good Lord, my Lord

Moragh.

Right honourable, to express unto your good Lordship the humble duty of my affection, I cannot better do it, then by this Bearer: whom for many good parts fitting your Honours pleasure, I can well commend to your favourable entertainment: for as good Masters are like black Swans, so such servants are choice creatures, for a little matter of small moment will hoise up folly above the Clouds, while Wisdome runs a course of a more careful temper: such I hope shall you find your Servant, whose wit and conscience take such counsell in his actions, that the judgment of good experience hold him worthy good account: for my self, lest I should be partial, I will leave his praise to your proof, and in hope of your contentment, only intreat your entertainment, thaztly I hope to see you till tohen, perswaded that his service shall gain him more praise, then my pen, I will leave his qualities to your triall, and his service to your favor, and so in inextricable love rest during life,

Your assured friend in true affection, R.B.

To my loving Cousin T.W. Justice of
Peace.

VWorthy Sir, I would be glad to write you news of the dispatch of your business, but yet it will not be: for Lawyers being full of Clients, cannot answer all men at once, and therefore considering your matter is a case of more conscience then gain, I must attend the leave of your Counsellor, who as he is wise I doubt not but will probe honest, and then a little time will be well borne with, that brings a good heat at the last: your adversary is full of mone, & trudging up and down like a Fox, but I hope in stead of a Corse he will be choaked with a Feather: have you no fear nor care of it, for I doubt not but to effect it to your content, & so much for your law business. Now for other matters, the occurrences of time are either so scribolous, or dangerous, that I think silence better blamed then babled: for though there be se in partridges, yet there be many setters here in this town, who listen for speech, intercept Letters, accuse the simple, and undo the foolish: and therefore I had rather be

be silent with the Piggtingale till May, then prate like a Cuckee out of season: yet for that you shall not think me fearfull of sparrow blasing, I will write you a little news; Tobacco is like to grow a great commodity, for there is not an Diller or a Tapiser, but will be at his whiffe or two, and using as a shooting hozne to draw on a pot of Warr. Bottle Ale is moze common than good, and yet dear enough, it is so taken up with the drunken crew. Theebes were well waxed, and yet befores those great Dealers, there are some lookers now and then. Painting was never so common, and pretty cheape. And for women, some goe like Anticks, some like Paskers, some proudly sober, and some like careles resolution: but some few like Angels: but they are too high for men, and therefore Ie leave them to higher powers: now men are as in times past: if young, hardly wise, though witty: if aged, wise: if wealthy, serbed and honoured: if poore, at least scorned, if not worse used: if wise, perhaps imployed: if foolish, baffled: this I say for the most part, for some time, for some cause, both youth and age, and poverty, and folly are finely dozne withall: but for that, this is rather an old obserbation then any new matter, I will end my long Letter with never ending love: and so in hope of your health, commit you to the Almighty,

Your very loving Cosen, W.R.

To the right honourable his good Lord, the
Lord W.H.

Right honourable, your Nobleness never ceases to bind my service to your kindness; hath made me at the instant to presume a little upon your good favour: So it is my good Lord, that I am shortly to bestow a Daughter of mine in marriage upon a Gentleman of some worth, and according to our custome friends must be feasted, when a Party of Tlemson is a grace to the whole service: Your Honour shall much pleasure me, and as often heretofore, give me no little cause to be thankfull: my state is not great, but my love so far assured, as to bet in I may deserbe that I cannot requite, Ie faile of my hope, but I will discharge some part of my debt: and so not doubting your favour to this my suite for a Buck: Beseeching God to adde happiness to your good health, I humbly take my leabe,

Your Honours in all humbleness, R.S.

To his dear friend, Master F.R. at his Lodging
in the Temple.

My Noble friend, you wrote of late to me for my opinion of your intent, and advice for your course : which two points, will touch as truly and as fitly as I can. Your intent is to leave your Study, and first to Court, and then to Armes : but what hath altered your intent in Study, to fall upon an intent to strange courses ? For your Bookes peaceably intreat of those things which you may not find disquiet in passing through. For touching your first course, is it not better to read of Princes, then to carry their Crownes ? You cannot seele their burdens, except you have their cares. How full of perils are their pleasures ? Yea, how many instruments of mischiefs doth the Deuill send into the world to crosse the courses of good Princes, that are leading their people to Heauen ? and if they be Wolves to their own Flocks, how safe is it to be farre from their Courts ? Now leaving good Princes to Gods blessing, and others to his amendment, goe a little to his Counsell. Oh how great are the weight of thier charges ? And how many the natures of their troubles ? who if they all be of one mind, and as it were one body of many members, yet some time a Toe, or a Finger, a Hand, or an Arme, a Tooth, or an Eie, Tongue, or an Ear, may perhaps be out of temper ; and so that all the body may be out of frame : say their wits are great through experience of place, and their powers great in the vertue of labour, yet withall, when experience is put to a new study, providence must try the power of wit with no little trouble, and when power rests upon labour, what is the fear of fortune ? And further is not the care of a common wealth a continuall toile of wit ; Power a dangerous step to Pride, hatefull in the highest eie ? and fortune unfaithfull in all her favours ? Rather read thou the laudable carriage of their courses in the service of Kings, then seeke in Court to have their Ringly Courses. For God only knoweth their consciences, themselves only the care ; & thou canst not know their crosses. But leaving them at their honorable proceedings, go a little lower to the Ladies and what shalt thou see ? Either a creature like an Angel, if vertuous, or worse then a woman, if vicious : perhaps thou shalt see painting spoile a good complexion, or deceibe a simple eie sight : heare, out of a fine presence, a fond spirit speak idle, and perhaps an idle wit, play the wonton. Now what art thou benefited by all this ? Abuse thine eye with picture, offend thine ear by folly, or lose thy time in idleness,

ness. Were it not better for thee to read the fiction of Venns, then to be a servant to Clarity? And to laugh at fancy then to follow folly? Yea say, there be a Phoenix among Birds, if her nest be high take heed of climbing for fear of a fall, take heed of the Object that makes an Abiect of a Subject. But look aside at the attendants, what shall you see? Cost and Courtelie, long service, painful duty, hope of favour, with fear of displeasure, a great Harbest; many Labourers, and few Gainers; and it must be so: so desires are many, but deserts few, and therefore they have little. In sum, a Prince thou canst never be, a Counsellor never think to be. Ladies are lovely, but beauty is costly: and the charge of attendants may bring hope to assurance. In my opinion therefore, thy intent is not good, and thy proceeding will be worse in the humour of Courtling. Now for armes, is it not better to read of Noble Acts of Conquerors, then to try the misery of the Conquered; and to suffice nature with a little, then to starve for want of food? Oh the danger of death, the doubt of victories, the cross of baloe, the terror of sacking a City, the defence of a battell, the sight of blood, the cares of the sorrowfull, and the consideration of conscience: O these, with many other ill banquets, bitter stormes, deadly wounds, cold lodgings, hard fare, sinking drink, and for 30 rags, and who knows how long? these things I say, with what else I say not, are sufficient I hope, to dissuade thee from such a desperate course: rather read of true baloe, and upon good cause and fit time adventure life for 1000, for thy Country, thy Religion, or thy life: otherwise under the shew of seeking honour, go not like an hired butcher to kill beasts, like a Tyrant to kill men for money. Remember what thou hast read, Blessed are the Peace makers: seek peace and ensue it. For God will bless it if he make it: Yet if need's thou wilt go to the field, begin not with the Court, lest dainty fare, ease and idleness make thee unfit to adventure the hard use of honoe: but that in regard of the great travails, and perils in those passages, the titles of honoe do most truly belong to the well-deservers; while baloe shewn in mercy, both grace nobleness in goodness, yet for that I think thy Body not answerable to thy spirit, out of my love I have written thee my advice, hoping that it will take effect, though not as I wish, yet such as may be to thy good: & so knowing thy judgement sufficient to determine of thy best course, I leave thee with it to the direction of the Almighty, whom I beseech even so to bless thee, that I may always hear well of thee and rejoice to see thee. From my lodging in the little Colledg, this tenth of May, 1653.

Thine more then spoken, N.B.

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter from a Batchelor to a rich
Widow.

WHoto, if you would be so woe I would cal you sweet: for though you know I love you, yet you wil say I flatter you: but yet be it hoto it wil, this is truth, beleve it as you wil, yor eies have caught my heart, who hath swoze me a servant to you wil: I cannot with eloquence Court you, but I can truly love you, and think my selfe blessed if I might enjoy you; for as your presence may please the wisest so your wisdom may command the honest. For your wealth be it more or lesse then is reported, your selfe being of more worth then you can have wealth, I wish you selfe rather then what is yours: you feare perhaps youths unconsilancy, it is triall that proveth truth, and so my love it shall end with my life: but what are woordes unbelieved? or hopes not firmly grounded? Like the Vision of a dream, which awakens proves nothing: yet good widow if you be kind, pittie me: and if pitifull, save me: and if gracious, love me: God will regard you, love will be true to you, and I will die ere I will deceive you: you may increase your coine & decrease your comfort, when a coughing song at midnight may make you weep before day, but venture a little and have much: What I am o; have, you shall have all: my love, my service, my life, and what can you have more: A little more drinke to make the cup run over, and perhaps marre the drinke that was good before: a little more coine to fill the other bagge, and perhaps fall out to be a piece of false mony: when commanded by a costrel, that will serve for nothing but a cuckold, or curbed by a cub, that will grate you to the bones for an old groate, you will curse your treasure that was the cause of your destruction. No, no, be good to thy self, in being kind to me; hear me, beleve me, love me, & take me, for I will be a servant to thy wil, a companion to thy kindness: and a steward to thy substance: This as I live, and hope of thy love thou shalt find: for my heart hath abowed it, and I will not be a villain to my own soul. In which praying for thy health, and to be made happy in thy kindness to say amen to my prayers, I rest,

Thine avowed howsoever regarded. T.M.

A Letter of advice to his friend, W.C.

Honest Will, I heare by your Mother, that you are going to the University; where no doubt, but with good care and diligence, you may doe your selfe much good: but before that I have passed the place that you are going to, and have tried the natures of those studies, and the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine opini-
on

on of them, and which I think best for thee to follow for thy good. First, for the better blessing of whatsoever thou follow, bestow some labour in reading the Divine Law: That done, note what I tell thee for the increase of thy Stocke, when thou shalt come to have any dealings in the World. For thy better instructions in such courses as may be for thy Commodity, observe these Rules that I shall read thee: First for Grammar, it is every Master of petty Schools common stile; Logick is but for the Univerſity; for Physick it brings more Crotchets then Crowns; for Astronomie, it goes too high above the Clouds to do any good on the Earth; Cosmographie is good for a Traveller, and Astrologie for a Seaman; but for him that means to gather wealth, and grow rich, let him be perfect in Arithmetick, to be sure of his numbers; it will be a means to grow rich many waies: For if you keep a merchants book, you shall learn his accounts, the prices of his Wares, and the gaines of them, as well by great as by retails, as well outward as homeward; and this is a sure way to wealth. Again if you be advanced to a place of Office, to keep Account of the number of the people, the duties, tributes, and what payment soever to be made by them, for Subsidies, Fifteens, Customs, and what else soever; Arithmatick is most necessary, for the speedy dispatch of all such businesses: For howsoever Honour may be sought or bought by them that have enough; seek thou wealth, and that will bring thee what the world can give thee: For if thou fall into want and impairing or spending thy Stocks, be forced to take some mean course for thy maintenance, I will tell thee what thou shalt find true: The honest will only pity thee, and say, What thou mayest keep a School, it is an honest trade, when a Churle will grutch at his goat for a shillings worth of labour, in beating quick sense into a dull wit; who if he be not capable of a good understanding, yet shall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, and thou undeservedly receive a frowne or a foule word for thy labour. Now the proud Peacock that hath a little more money then wit, will perhaps entertaine thee to a blew Coat, and forty shillings, which how grievous it will be to a good spirit, thou shalt finde, and I shall be sorry to heare. Believe me, if thou have the Sciences, be furnished with many Languages, and art acquainted with honourable courses, and a heart as honest as can live; yet if thou lack wealth to grace all the rest, thou shalt have a Foole come over thee, and a Knave abuse thee: and he whose wit goes no further then his trade, so play upon the miserie with scanning thy course of life; that thou wilt with rather never to be bozne, then to be bozne down with unhappines; yea, for necessities sake thou shalt be forced to bestow thy study in fictions, and follies,

and to spend thy spirits in vain, yea I may say vile inventions, so commend an unworthy person, to the wound of thine own conscience: who though he loke to hear himselfe flattered, yet perhaps when he hath miserable regarded thee, yet he will lie of his bounty which is little better then beggerie. Oh what a plague is it to a noble spirit, though meeke want to present an Asse with a burden of wit or a base spirit with a tract of Honour? Oh dear Will, the wealthy, that hath but a litle wit, will grow rich with making benefit of thy labours; while thou not weighing the lack of judgement in the first directing of thy course, wilt pine away with sorrow, to thinke of thy mistaken Fortune. In brief therefore follow my counsell, study all the Arts superficially, but chiefly, Arithmetick; for it is the assured way to wealth: We not ignorant in Divinity, for it is the soules comfort; and take heed of Poetry, lest it run away with thy wit: for it hath commonly one of these three properties, believing the wicked, abusing the honest, and pleasing the foolish, and therefore though some excellent man may have some excellent humour, doe thou rather read in an Evening, then make thy daies work in the study of idleness: Give them praise that deserve it, but doe not thou bend thy delights towards it; for in a word, it is more full of pleasure then profit. Thus have I writ thee a tedious Letter, hoping that if thou wilt follow my advice, it will do thee no harme; and if so much good as I desire, I shall be glad to see it: In the mean time, leaving thy courses with thy selfe, to the guiding and tuition of the Almighty, I rest,

Thine in much affection, R.P.

To his most honourable Lady, Madam *Isabella Tarina*.

Honourable Madm, how my unworthinesse may hope of your goodness, I cannot finde; but in the Notes of your Noblenesse, which as it might well challenge the height of your Title, so doth it bind a world of Servants to your service: Among whom my selfe more desirous then able to deserve the least of your countenance, am now presumptuous to trouble you with an humble suite: I have a Sister of years sufficient to understand betwixt good and evil, and of disposition, I thank God not amiss: Her bringing up hath been chiefly at her book and needle, yet is she not unfurnished of her parts, fit for a servant of her place; which if it might stand with your good pleasure, should be to attend your honour in your chamber: Her truth I will undertake for her diligence

diligence I will not doubt of, her kind nature I can speak of, and her affection to your Ladiship, I know is not a little: If therefore in all these she may be pleasing to your entertainment, I shall be bound to your good favour, in the honour of her preferment; which being the highest advancement, that her duty can deserve; I leave her service, with mine own to your honourable impliment. So craving pardon for my boldness, with favoꝛ to my suit, I humbly take my leave,

Your Ladiships in all humblencis, E.W.

To my beloved Godfather, T.H.

Godfather, at the Font you gave me a Name, and as I have heard and read of others, you undertook to see me brought up in learning and in the fear of God. I do not remember that ever I yet received peny from you towards the charge therof. and you having neither charge of wife or children, might do well to bestow your blessing upon me, in somewhat better then a bare hand, which will buy nothing. Is it possible that having one foot in the grave, the other should be so far off? Am I your nearest in nature, and shall I be farthest off in love? I know not the cause, but what ever it be, misconceived in kindness; let me intreat you to believe my love, and I desire no more: for when you are weary of the flattery of those that feed upon you, among the great showes of your kindness that you daily rain down upon their fields, you will I hope bestow one drop of grace upon my grounds. I will urge nothing but your will, and will love you more then they that tell you more: We not covetous to gather for them that gape for your goods: and be not fast-handed to him who loves you more then all you have: and the good that you will do, let it be in your life, that you may see your contentment in the issue of your kindness: Loath I am to weary you with words, and therefore in love of a true heart, which daily prayeth for your health and hearts ease, hoping that God will move you for my good, whosoever is a mean of my hurt, I cease further at this time to trouble you, but rest alwaies in duty of my humble love,

Your affectionate God-Son, T.B,

To my dearest beloved friend on Earth, H. W.

Honest Harry, out of a troubled spirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, and therefore bear with my skill, if it be not in the pleasing nature of so good an humour as I could wish, and thou art worthy of: but as I know thee able to judge of colours better then the blind eyes and beetle heads, and of that true kindness that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted, then increase the sorrows of the distressed: Let me impart to thee some part of my passion, that patience in thy pity may the better play her part in my spirit: What shall I say? I live as without life, pleased in nothing, crossed in all hopes, put in many fears, languishing in many sorrows, and troubled with the griefe of a wounded conscience: Not with the horror of Murder, the fear of Treason, or delight of Sin, but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindness of Friends, and the breach of credit, and most of all, with them whom I most love. O God my heart aketh, and blame it not; and my spirit mourneth, and reprove it not: For though Patience be a vertue that maketh men divine, yet there is but one Christ, and men are no Angels: and let me tell the truth, the miserie of my life is intollerable in the sense of nature: For, compare the afflictions of the most patient with the causes of my Passions, and provide a worke of pity to behold the Map of my Miseries. Hath no man been wealthy, and become poore? so am I: Hath another suffered wrong? so do I: Another buried Parents, Children, and dear Friends? so have I: Another travelled far in hope of gaine, and returned with losse? so have I: Another been wounded in the Wars, faired hard, lain in a cold Bed many a bitter storme, and been at many a hard banket? all these have I: Another imprisoned? so have I: Another long lain sick? so have I: Another plagued with an unquiet wife? so am I: Another indebted to his hearts griefe, and faine would pay and cannot? so am I: In summe, any of these crosses are able to break the heart of a kind spirit, and all these lie at once so heaby upon my heart, as nothing but the hand of God can remove: Besides my continuall toile for the reward of unquietness. while that which should be my comfort is my corrobore: Imagine how with all this I can live, and think what a death it is thus to live: O for the scorn of the proud, the abuse of the ungracious, the scoff of the foolish, and the scanning of the unkind, the company of the discontented, and the want of the most affected; the disgrace of Learning, the losse of time, and the misery of want; if there be a Hell on Earth, it cannot be far from the cave of my discomfort: Where I am sure, the Devil, seeing my desire to serve God, layeth al the bars he can in the way for my dis-

discomfort : But I desire him and hope in Christ that my living and loving God, who hath tried my soule in aduersities, will one day in his mercy so looke upon me, that the Deuill shall bee driven back from his purpose, and the teares of my body wiped away. I shall reioice in such a joy, as all my griefe clean forgotten, my heart and soule shall in the joy of my sense, in the heavenly harmony of a holy Hymne sing a new song of Praise to the glory of my Saviour ; for the hastening wherof in my deliverance from my foes, and comforts in his mercies, I will frame daily my prayers, and be assured of thy amen. But I feare I am tedious, and therefore will thus end. God continue my patience, but not my sorrows, giue me deliverance from my miseries, and make me thankful for his blessings, and blesse thee with as much happiness as thou knowest I want : so leaving my hopes to his mercies, and us both to his tuition, I rest with as little rest as I think any man can rest,

Thine or not mine own, N B.

To his fair Mistresse, and hearts Honour. Mistresse A. L.

LADY, I haue been so ill a Schollar to Love, that I neuer yet learned the courting of Beauty, nor would I willingly use art to abuse Vertue ; and therefore if plain truth may finde fauour, I will use no attorney in this cause : which being to be surged in your kindness, I will only cry audience, and stand to your arbitrement : My case being my own Lawyer, thus I plead : Your eyes hath stoln my heart, now I must either be accessarie to my own hurt, or accuse you of the felonie : but rather willing to lose my life in your eyes, then keep them to looke on other light, I will only appeale to your sake what to do in this passion. If I love, you must know it, for your eyes hath my heart, and I lose my heart, you must haue it ; for your eyes are well worthy of it : But now you haue it, preferbe it for your service ; let it not die in displeasure that hath no life but in your love : If it could speak it would tell you, how dearly, highly, and only it honors you, and if you will beleue it, you shall quickly find it : For it is dedicated to your service, and hath no care but of your fauour ; keep it then to your use, use it to your pleasure, and let it die in no other comfort. In sum, not to dwell upon ceremonies, it is nothing mine, but all yours ; and if it may live in your eyes, it seeks no other heaven in this World : Dye it not then from you, that hath no life but in you ; and take it wholly to you that is as nothing without you : So leading it with my selfe, to the honour of your only service, I take my leave for this time, but will rest ever,

Yours avowed and devoted, R. S.

To

To his very good friend Master W. B. for the borrowing of forty pounds for six moneths.

SIR, I know you love no long Letters, and my suite being to most men so unpleasing. I would be loth to be tedious, I have purchased a piece of land, and laid out all my money; Now upon the sudden an unexpected occasion puts me to an extraordinary charge, for the furnishing whereof, I am constrained to try my good friends: Among which presuming of your kind promise upon my urgent occasion to stand me instead. I am to intreat you by this Bearer to help me to forty pounds, wherein you will so much pleasure me, as so much may do, and as I can requite it, I will not forget it. I would have it for six moneths, my day I will not break, I will take it kindly, and deserve it thankfully; my servant is trusty, and therefore I pray you send it by him: And as you will be assured of my love, feed me not with delays, or excuse, for I know you have it, and you know I will pay. Thus loath to use you like a Broker, to send you a Patron; as an honest Neighbor, let me be beholding to your kindness, in which you shall give me cause in the like, or a greater matter to rest upon, at as short a warning,

Your assured friend to use, R. H.

To the right worshipful, my very good Master, Sir Thomas Ward Knight at his House in Padow.

SIR, after my humble duty, I have talked with divers of those parties to whom you directed me, touching the benefit to be made of the suite which you have in hand, whose opinions I find diverse: Yet all agree in this, that if you can prove it irrevocable, the money will be adventure: Otherwise, they are loath to engage their states and credits too far upon bare hopes, for lives are uncertaine, and in change of times, others things fall out contrary to expectation: You shall therefore do well before you trouble any of them in it, to make sure of the matter, in such sort as may be best for your profit, for the suite being effected to good purpose, leave me to deal in it, to your content: There is much muttering that you are like to be crossed in it, I would therefore wish you to try your strength in it, & not to slip time, for it is precious in a good cause: Bear with me I beseech you, if I move your patience in urging your speed, for it is for your own good. Against your coming to Town, I will have

A Packet of Letters.

65

have somewhat else for you to set on foot, for he that will work, must not have the fire, without an iron: but knowing your business, I will forbear at this time to trouble you with idle news: and only praying for your health and hearts ease, commit the consideration of your own causes to the managing of your good discretion, and humbly take my leave for this time, alwaies,

Your worships humble servant, I. T.

To my assured loving friend T. B. with speed, for mony lent to restore back.

NON payment of debts, is not only a cracke in credit, but a losse of friends: upon a Letter I furnished your want, and fortune having been your friend, a large conscience me thinketh doth not well. Your excuse, yet I know not how can well devise it, but acquaint me with it, that I may not wrong your disposition, for a settled affection expecteth the like measure in kindness: the mony you had of me was not much, but if it hath done you a pleasure I am glad of it; and if you can well spare it, by this Bearer I pray you return it, or the cause why you detain it: I have lately bought three to seize a Pasture that I have to saime, and my mony being short, I am bold to write to you for mine own, which if it come it shall be welcome, if not, so that I know how it may stand you, I will forbear; and for the conference between your son and my daughter, I think they are more ready for us then we for them: Your mind I know, and am contented with it; for as I see their proceedings, we will soon fall upon agreement; and to be plaine with you, I think I had best rather to prohibe you more money, then demand any more that you have: and therefore making your excuse in this only point of affection, intreating pardon for my plaine manner of writing, assuring you, that if this matter go forward (as it is no other like) as their lobes, so shall our purses be one: And thus hoping of your health as mine own, with commendations to your kind Son, your Self, and your good Whew, I commit you to the Almighty.

Canterbury, this fourth of August, 1652.

Your loving Friend N. T.

To

To a Judge in the behalfe of an Offender.

My good Lord, your Honourable care of Justice, I hope is seasoned with the charitable waite of mercy; for though the Law cutteth off offence by sharp punishment, yet death takes away repentance, and where there is sorrow there is signe of grace: The best Judge of true Justice Christ Jesus, pardoned the great sinner; and with the gentle rebuke of Sin no more, called her to great grace. Now shall Justice upon the first fault, use another course upon an offender: I know it is your oath to do all manner of Justice, yet may you give time of repentance in reprieving this poore man, whose pardon will be easily attained. Your Honor shall do a good deed: God, in imitating his course to Justice, will surely regard and reward you: the patient Offender shall be found ever to pray for you: my selfe with all his friends, will truly honour you, and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercy, when His Majestie shall heare of it, will commend you: Beseeching therefore your Honor to stay the sentence of death, untill the next assize, or grant him a Reprieve till the said time: Leaving the poore mans life to a word of your mouth, with my humble and bounden service to your good health, and all other happiness, I humbly take my leave,

Yours Honours humble servant, D.H.

A Letter of Complement: To my very good friend, Master H.VV. at his House in Arthingworth.

SIR, if I could have let passe so fit a Messenger, without some thankfull remembrance, I were unworthy of so good a friend: but your kindnes being such as will ever work in a good mind, I pray you let me salute you with this little token of my Love: The Bunclet is of such Sack as Bristol hath no better, and the Sugar-loaf for your Lady, I assure you is right Barbary, which at this time is here of some price, but upon the ceasing of the troubles there, I hope we shall have it cheap here, in the mean time howsoever it be, what you need command in that or what else may be in my power to accomplish: and so wishing I were with you at the killing of one of your fat Bucks, which with hearty commendations to your selfe and your good Bed-fellow, and many thanks to you both for my good cheere, and most kind entertainment, hoping to see you at my house at your coming to Town, where you shall make your own welcom, I commit you to the Almighty. London 20 of July,

Your very loving and assured friend, C.R.

To

To his assured friend, Mr *Thomas Rise*, at his house in the Strand, intreating his help in dispatch of business.

Against this time of my attendance upon the Judge of this circuit, I shall have occasion to use many things, whereof I am now furnished: Your skill in choosing the best, and knowing the prices, I know long since by your kindness in the like trouble; and therefore I intreat you once more to take a little paines, with this Bearer my Servant, in helping him in the laying out of his money upon such parcels, as in my Note for my use I have set downe; Your travell or kindness shall not unthankfully be forgotten and wherein I may in this Countrey, or elsewhere pleasure you, you shall not faile of my best meanes. If you have any news, I pray you acquaint me with them, and if the Ship become from the Indies, what good success they have had: But earnest business makes me briefer then I otherwise would be; and therefore hoping of your health and not doubting of your kindness, with hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty,

Salop this twelfth of June, 1652.

Yours assured Friend, T.M.

To his very good friend, R.M. concerning the purchase of certain Lands.

Sir, whereas you wrote unto me touching the sale of your Lordship's Bar, I cannot answer you for two causes; the one the price is too high, the other your hast of money is too great: For touching your price the Land you know is much impaired since the death of your father, the woods are low and very backward, by cutting it afore their full growth, and your Trees are so wast'd, that there is scarce a peece of Timber worth the selling: Your Grove is shrewdly spoiled for want of draining; and your Pastures are so overgrown with Boshes, that it will aske great cost in stubbing. be ore it be brought to any good passe; yet notwithstanding, for that we have been upon speech for it, and that you seem willing to deal with me, if you will pitch a reasonable price, your money shall not be long deferred: I pray you therefore, if I may have it as I told you, if it be a hundred pounds more I care not, but further indeed I will not goe a penny: Let me know your minde by this Bearer out

of hand, for I am offered (I think) a better bargain: but for my words sake, and the rather to be your neighbour, that we may now and then have a game or two at bowles. Hoping for your good health, and your bed-fellowes, I commit you to the Almighty: From my house this 13. of June, 1652.

Your very loving friend, E.R.

A Letter to a proud Mistress.

How beauty will make a fool proud, I would your plaister-work did not witness: But had you wit to help wickedness, you would put a Parrot out of countenance; your countenance is made after your conceit, as full of merry tricks as a Monkey; and for your foot pace, I think you have soze heeles, you walke so nicely as upon egg-shells: Your haire is none of your own, and for your staple tire, it is like the gaud of a Paid Parrot; so that had you a sole by the hand, you might walke where you would in a Morris-dance: O fine come to it, how it stieles like a Hackney that wend tire at halfe a mile. Well, your Tobacco breath, with your toothlesse Chaps, will be shortly such bad Ware, that you will stand in the market, and no man bid a penny for you: But what do I mean to spoile paper with such matter, and therefore I will abruptly end: Wash your feet, scoure your hands, put on a clean smock, get you to your prayers, repent your wickedness, & mourn to death for your soules sake, for your carkass is not worth carrying to the earth: & so hoping that in a good humour, you will do somewhat better then hang your self, I leave you to this mishap that finds you the most filthy creature on the Earth, till you be never more seen in the World,

Your poor friend at a pinch, B.T.

The answer of a witty but railing Wench.

Betwixt a railing Knave and a Kascall, what is the difference? And from a nitty Rogue what can be looked for but a Lowie? A Devil incarnate, who ever knew such a bellein? Your haire I will not meddle with for fear of a fall: But I wonder the Jewellers doe not deale with you for a face; where a pin can scarce stand between a Pearl and a Rubie. Oh the French rheume bids you keep out of the wind, for fear your leuell staves scarce hold a rotten carkass. Now instead of a Morris dance, you know the Hey up Holborn, where the hangman at the gallies staves to learne you a new turne: But thou wretched worme

unto thy the name of a man, get thee to thy knees, aske forgiveness of all the world, make thy confession in the Court, and commend thy soule to the Lord, for thy flesh the Dogs will not meddle with: And so in haste, hoping my Letter may come to thee before the last cast, I end in haste,

Thy charitable friend, B.C.

A Letter of challenge to a young Swaggerer.

Strah your swaggaring is so foolish, that the children laugh at you where you go: And for your balour, if your feather be away, your sword will do no hurt; your tossing of pots seare none but flies, and for your brave words they are nothing but wind. But lest I do you some pleasure in telling you of your faults, let it suffice to make an end of all matters: To morrow in the morning you shall have me by eight of the clock in the field beyond your lodging, near unto the Pool; where, if you dare come alone, you shall finde me without company, ready to do more then I will speak: Will when expecting no other answer then your selfe, I rest,

Your aduowed enemy, I.T.

A dogged Answer

Do you imagine me a Philistian, that you begin to play Goliath in a Letter? I assure you if your daubs be like your words, my feather will not abide your windy words: But for my sword, it hath no point, and therefore cares not a point for you; if you be not drunke, I muse what madness doth possesse you: But the best is, I hope now you have spoken you have done, for I will be there where you appoint, but I doubt you will not perforce me: But as you tell me of my faults, I hope to whip you for yours: And so try to have lost too much time about idleness, I end,

Yours as I have reason, F.R.

To my very good Cousen Master I.D. at his house in Swands.

Cousen, I understand you are determined to put your younger Son Apprentice to a Merchant: beleve me I highly commend your resolution herein; for I that have travelled far, and seen much, can speak somewhat of them, and their noble Profession: I could well give it a higher title; for a right Merchant is a Royall fellow, he is curious to see much, to travel much, and sometime to gaine a little, both adventure much, though sometime for a little adventure hee both gaine much

but what are the sundry natures of perils as well at Sea as at Land, as well of his goods as of his person, none knoweth but himselfe, or like himselfe: But having travelled far, and finished his Voyage, after his safe Return, having given God thanks, note what is the course of his life, to observe a comely Order in the City, and enrich many poore men by the retailing of his goods, who sit at ease and sell in their Shops, that which he with great toil and danger fetched out of far Countries. Now say his gaine be great, let it be answered in the desert of his Travell. Shal a fair or a fine Horse brought of Barbary, be here finely kept, well fed, and neatly dyed, and richly attired? and shall not a Merchant that hath travelled many miles beyond Barbary, be thought worthy of a fine House, good Land, dainty fare, and an honourable Title, for the resolution of his adventure, and the toile of his travell? Shall a Lute or a Cittern, brought out of Italy, be put in a case of Velvet, and laced with gold, for well sounding? and shall not a Merchant that fetcht that Lute, and went far further then that Country for better commodities, be thought worthy of his gaine, and honoured for his minde? Shall the Lawyer sell breath at a high rate: and shall the Merchant be grudged he price of his Wares? what shall I say? who upholds the State of the City, or the honour of a State under the King, but the Merchant? who beautifieth a Court with Jewels and outward Ornament, but the travel of a Merchant? who beautifies the Gardens with sundry sorts of Fruits and Flowers, but the travelling Merchant? he may well be called the Merchant, the Sea-finger, or the maker of the Sea to sing; the Sea-finger, when he hath faire wind, and good weather, he maketh the Sea to sing, when she sees the goodly houses that float upon her waves, and cast an anchor in her sands. But let me leave the Sea, & come to the Land: Consider of the sweet and civill manner of their lives; whose houses more neat, whose wives more modest, whose apparell more comely, whose diet more dainty, and whose carriage more commendable? valiant without quarrells, merry without madnes, bountifull in their gifts, and very neat and choice in their banquets; whose children are better nurtured? whose servants better governed? whose house better staffed and maintained? Furthermore, what comfort have the distressed found beyond the Seas? and how many poore dee they relieve at home: what Colledges? what Hospitals? what Alms-houses have they builded? and in effect what Cities have they enlarged? and what Countries have they enriched? how few Lawyers can say so? If that be all true, with much more might be said in their honoz, give them their right, I say the Merchant is a koyal fellow, and go forwarde with your inteat: If you will, ever have your

A Packet of Letters.

71

Don see any thing, know any thing, do any thing, or be worthy any thing, put him to a Merchant; and give with him such a portion, as out of his years, may set up his Trade or Traffike: Doubt not he will do well, and think not he can almost do better. So beseeching God to bless him in all his courses, without which he will be worse then nothing, I pray you do as I wish you, charge him to serve God, and to turne him to the World. And thus having truly written to you my opinion touching my purpose, wishing health, and honor, and all happiness, to all worthy true Merchants, in hope of your health, I commit you to the Almighty.

A thing worth this twentieth of August, 1652.

Your very loving Cousin, N.B.

To his dearest, fairest, and worthiest of love, honour, and service
Mistress E.E.

If I should commend you (fairest of Women) above the Moon, and compare you with the Sun, you would put me in the clouds for a flatterer; but knowing your own worth, and finding the substance of my truth, you cannot blame me in admiration to speak truth of your perfection, which of what power it is in drawing the service of reason, if you would believe, love would quickly tell you: But the cause of inconstancie in the unwise, breedeth distrust of truth in the most faithfull; but all birds are not of one feather, nor all men of one mind. In brief, not to make a long harvest of a little corn, which being ripe would be gathered in a good time: Let truth be my spokes-man, and beleeve my comfort; the hope whereof as my only worlds happiness, referring only to the care of your kindness in the faith of true affection, I rest,

Your vowed and assured friend, N.B.

A Letter to a friend to borrow a piece of money.

Since, as nothing more trieth a friend then calamity, so is there nothing more grievous then to be beholding: In kindness therefore, if I may become your debt for five pounds, it is not much, yet will it please me more then a little: Your appointed day, I will not break with you, and wherein I may thankfully requite you, you shall find no forgetfulness of your kindness: But time is precious, and therefore intreating your speedy answer, in hope of no deniall, I rest,

Your assured Friend, T.W.

The

A Packet of Letters.

The Answer.

I would be as glad to pleasure you as any man, but truth cannot be blamed, for with more then for necessary use; that I cannot spare I am not presently furnished: I pray you therefore take not a venial unkindly; for if my credit will pleasure you, I will not faile my best to do you good: If otherwise you would urge me, it will be to little purpose; And therefore sorry that I am not in tune to satisfie your expectation, I must leaue patience to your kind discretion, which as you know me, shall command me, for am and will be, to the uttermost of my power,
Your assured Friend, D.S.

A Letter of good counsell to his mistress H.C. at her house in Pe-Chest.

MY good Cousin, I remember at my last being with you, we had some conference about consideration: Behelue me, when I consider the world, and what I have seen in it, and the best things of it, and that all in effect, is as nothing, or rather worse if any thing at all. I wonder how men who have so much judgement of good from evil, how can those men that know the uncertain time of death, live as though they thought never to die? how can he that heareth or readeth the word of God, and beleueeth the truth of it, be so careles of it, and so disobedient to it? Will men be sick that may be whole? or die that may live? what shall I say, but as Paul said to the Corinthians, O ye foolish people who hath bewitched you? It is the word of God, That transgression is as the sin of witchcraft: And surely if men were not bewitched with sinne, they could not delight in wickednesse, being the crosse bar to all their happiness. Could the Theefe consider the doom of the Law, or the misery of the disposed, surely he would not steale: If the adulterer did consider the filthiness of his action, and the shame of his folly, surely he would turn honest: If the Murderer did but consider the horror of death, and the terror of sin, he would never kill. In brief, if any sinner would look into the soule nature of sin, he would be out of love with it, and if hee did consider the power of Gods wrath, he would be afraid of it: If any could or would man consider the goodness of God towards him, in commanding and forbidding nothing, but that which is good so him, how could he be so forgetfull of his own good, in offending the Author of all goodness?

If the unthrifft could consider the miserie of want, surely he would not be careless of his estate: if the covetous could consider the misery of the poore, he would be more charitable; if the swaggerer could consider the comelines of sobriety, and the shame of immodesty, surely he would be more civil; if the Magistrate did but consider the misery of the poore, would not be so careless of their torment, and put them to such sorrow, but remember, that justice without mercy is too neer a touch of Tyranny. If he that preacheth the Word, and followeth it not, could consider the heaviness of Gods judgements, and the shame of his folly, hee would doubtles be more careful of his soule, and more kind to his flock. If the lawyer could consider the Law of God, he would never grieve his Client, nor speak against a known truth; but as I said before, to leave tediousness, it is the only lack of consideration, that maketh the heart less will of man to run the way of error, to the ruin of his best comfort: And therfore I intreat you notwithstanding my allowance of your judgment touching the heavenly Providence, and power in the motion of all good actions; yet so to allow of my opinion touching want of consideration, that it is one of the greatest causes of the confusion of reason by the corruption of nature; & knowing that the care of your consideration is such as doth and may give example to most expert men to follow the rule of your directions in the whole course of life, wishing my self so happy as to enjoy the company of so good a friend, till I see you and ever, I rest in fast settled affection,

Your loving friend N. B.

To my sweet love, Mistris E P,

Sweet Love, if absence could breed forgetfulness, the fortune should doo much harm to affection, but when the eye of their mind looketh into the joy of the heart, the sentence may well be spoken. As in silence you may hear me, so in absence you may see me; for love is not of an hours brightness, nor a shadow of light, but it is a light of the spirit, and a continuing passion; think not therfore I do or can forget thee, or love my self but for thee. Soztly I hope to see thee, and in the mean time though not with thee yet not from thee; nor will be at rest with my selfe, till I may rest only with thee, I rest alwaies to rest,

Thine only and all, F.W.

H. r Answer.

My Deare, if delays were not a death to love, excuse were current in the construction of kindness, but sentences are better spoken

spoken then understood, and a pleasing presence is better then an excused absence: Remembrance is good, but possession is better, and love holdeth memory but a kind of melancholly. Let your self therefore be the messenger rather of your love then your letters, lest Fortune in a mad fit be crosse to your best comfort, not in respect of my constancy, but my Parents unkindness. This is all I will write at this time, but wishing a happy time to the beginning of never ending, I rest till that time, and all times, one and the same,

Yours as you know, E.P.

An old mans Letter to a young Widow,

Who, I have neither a smooth face, nor a filed tongue to cheat your eyes, nor abuse your ears withall; but a true heart and a constant mind that doth inwardly love you, & will never deceive you: fickle heads and unbidded tails know not where or how to bestow themselves, when their wits go a wool gathering among shrews that have had fleeces, they may be kind but not constant, and Love loves no out-lookers; but besides light heads, have no stayed heeles, and a little wealth is soon spent: Who knoweth the woe of want, can tell you the difference betwixt a old mans Darling and a young mans Darling: Why? how can they love that scarce knowes how to like: I know you have many Suitors of worth, but none that I think more worthy then my selfe; for none can love you so much, nor esteeme you so well; for I have knowne the world and care not for it, nor for any thing but you: It therefore all I have may please you, and my selfe to love and honour you, make my comfort your contentment, and I will seek no other Paradise in this world. Thus hoping that reason in your favour, will affect the hope of my affection, leading you to your selfe, to be your selfe, I rest,

Yours or not mine, T.P.

Her Answer.

Sir, I could never see you but in a Letter; I should delight much in your presence, but contraries are not correspondent: A gray head and a green mind fit not, your persuasions were forcible, were not your selfe of too much weakness; but though for your good will, I thank you; yet for nothing will I be indebted to you, no, not for a world would I be troubled with you; for as our years: so I feare

our fancies will be different; and the patience moving choler may breed anger, when to be an olds man Darling, is a kind of curse to Nature: You say wel, who can love, that knows not how to like? when the senses are incapable of their comfort, what is imagination but a dream? A blind man can judge no colour, a deafe man hath no skill in Musick, a dumb man no eloquence, and an old man little feeling in loves Passion: For my Suitors, they save my time and serve their own: and for their worth, I shall judge of the most worthy: Now for their wits, if they lose not their own senses, let them gather Wood where they can: but for your love, I will not venture on it, lest being too old it be not sweet; and for my young Suitors, I hope I shall take heed of a shadowed solowness: As for fortune, while vertue governs affection, I will not fear my felicity. So hoping your own reason will perswade you to have patience with your passion, and leave me to my better comfort, meaning to be as you wish me, my selfe, and none other. I rest,

Not yours, if mine own, P.M.

A Letter of a young man to his Sweet-heart.

My Love, if I could have as good passage as my Letters, I would be a bitter messenger of my thoughts, then my words can express; but as the secret of my heart, which none can see but your eyes, nor shall know but your kindness; let me not then languish in the lingering hope of my desires, but hasten my comfort in the only answer of your consent. You know the house of our first meeting of our fantasies, the true countenance of our irrebotable affections, and why will you not appoint the conclusion of our comfort? Why cannot let you doubt my Love, and Love will be true for the security of my truth; both which thus far pleading for me in your judgement: For impationed I am in your beauty bound in the bands of your service, and live but in the hope of your favour, in which I rest ever, and only to rest happy in this world.

Yours though not yours, R.E.

An answer to his Love.

My Sweet, I rather with your selfe then your Letter, though in the haste of your desire, your presence had been so little purpose; for Deeds are in a good way, that are subscribed and sealed: But till the delibery be made, the matter is not fully finished; have there-
fore

foze patience for a time, for it is soon enough, that is well enough, and yet I confesse in kinoness, delay is little comfort, yet stay for a faire day though it be almost at noon, be perswaded of my affection; and let Faith feare no fortune, for Love can be no changling, and so imagine of my selfe: When you offend I will punish you; and when you doe please, I will praise you: So assuring truth belov'd, and love comfort, I rest so soon as I well may, to give the reason of your best rest, and till then, and ever will rest,

Yours as I may, M. I.

A merry Letter of news to a Friend.

Right Trojan, I knowst thou lovest no complement, nor carest for any tricks, but as a good fellow and a friend, wouldst heare how the World goeth: All the World I am not acquainted with, and therefore I know not what to say to it, but for the little part of it, the petty place, or Parish where I dwell, and some few miles about it, I will tell you there is a fall of Conies; for there is such a world of them every day in the market, that except they be young and fat, there is little money bid-den for them. Hackney Jades are scarce worth their meat, and every house hath such a Dog, that not a Beggar dare come near the dooze, and not a House at a Chace, but a Cat is at her heels. Maid Marian of late was got with childe in her sleep; and the Hobby-horse was half mad that the Foale should be the Father of it. A great talke there is of setting up a new Taberne, but Tobacco is the thing that will bent the old Hack: There is spoken so much gibberish, that we have almost forgot our Mother Tongue, for every boy in our Schoole hath Latine at his fingers end, marry it is in a book, for all his wit is in his Cope, for in capite he hath little. Our freeschool is new painted with wisdom over the Gate; for within, except some unhappy wag, there is no more wit then is necessarie. Now for the other news I will tell you, wet weather frights us with a bad Harbest, and Waters are halfe mad for lack of utterance of their money. Law was never more in use, nor men more out of money, and for women they are strange creatures; for some of them have three faces, and so fine in proud paces, that if they carry it as they do, they will put many men out of countenance: For other ordinarie matters, they are as you left them, a pot of Ale is worth a penny, a Bald will have brave cloathes: The man in the Moon is above the Clouds, and the knave of Clubs will still make one in the Stock. Other things there are that I am shortly to acquaint you with; in the meane time write unto me how thou dost, and how the wind blowes on

A Packet of Letters.

77

your side; and so sorry I have no good thing to send thee, with the love
of my heart I commit thee to the Almighty,

Thine to the end, R. B.

The Answer.

Thou mad villaine what hath walkt about thy bzaines, to put thy
wit in such a temper: A tale of a Tub and the bottome out. Well,
to requite your kindness you shal know somewhat of our world. So it is,
that the Fox hath made an end with most of our fat Geese; the Woolf
meets with our Lambs, before they can well go from the Dam, and the
Water-Rat hath so spoiled our Fish-pooles, that if he had not bin caught
with a Trap, we might have gone to Sea for a Red-Herring. Our Bal-
liffs Bull runs through all the Rie in our Parish, and the Tanners Dog
hath worried a wild Sow. The Bailiffe of our hundred takes upon him
like a Justice, and since the new Ale-house was set up, the Constable is
much troubled; but though Oats be rank, and Rie be ripe, Wheat is
but thin and Barley short: Good fellowship goes down the wind, and
yet wenches are right bzed: Our Piper is faine sick of an Ale-surfeit,
and old Huddle got a blow at midnight, that makes him straddle all day.
Parnel shall have her sweet-heart in spite of Tom-Tinker, and there
is wondzing in the Towne, that thou art not in the Goale before the
Sessions: But be thou of good cheere, there is time enough for a good
turne, and come when thou wilt, thou shalt make thine own welcome.
I mad slave, let me be merry with thee a little, for thou knowest I love
thee: Thy Grandfire is going to his grave, and hath bequeathed thee a
Knaves portion: The bell hath gone for him; but so soon as he is past,
I will send thee word in Post, that for grieve of his death thou mayest
drink to all Christian soules: Thy Sister is where she was, and sweares
thou art honestier then thy Father. I will say no more, but thou hast
friends that thou knowest not, and therefore come when thou wilt we
will have a health ere we part. And so in haste farewell,

Thine to the proof, R. S.

To a young man going to travell beyond the Sea.

Good Cousin, I find by your last Letter your present intent to tra-
vel, pray God it may fall out for your good; for though in respect
your body be in good state to endure some hardnesse, yet

there is difference in the natures of Countries, both in the aire and diet; but aboue these things, there are many things to be obserued, that negligently regarded may be greatly to your hurt. As first, for your Religion have a great care, that your eies lead not your heart after the hozor of Idolatrie, serbe God sincerely, not fondly, not in thew, but in truth of zeal, and for all your comfort in all your course, that you trust in him, and none else. Secondly, for your carkasse, take heed of too much following the feminine sex. and pray for continency, it is a blessed vertue. I speak not this for the common sort; for I hope your spirit is too high to stoop to such game, but for the Syzyens, whose faces are bewitching objects and whose voices are inchanting Musick, if these be in the way of your care, by your eie, haist thou from them, lest too late thou find it too true, that you will hardly escape byowning, when you are ober head and ears. Such weeds will hang about your heeles as will so hinder your swimming, that you will hardly overcome it in health, if you hap to escape with your life. Furthermoze, if you meet with some chaste Penelope, whose beauty walkes euen with vertue, let not a chaste eie in her beget an unchaste thought in you: I speak not this in fear of any thing but your youth; yet though I know you wel disposed in many waies, I doubt you are not right in all: And this being a thing that I know most necessary, I thought in my love to give you a note of. Now for your purse, let it be private to your own knowledg, lest it be an occasion of your unhappyness, and byed you maye partakers then for profit. Now for your tongue, let it follow your wit, and tip it with truth, that it may abide all touch: and for your diet let it be sparing, for better leaue with a appetite, then goe to Physick for a surfeit. Now for your conuersation, chuse the wise, rather hear them, then trouble them, and against all fortunes take patience in your passage. So serbing God, and observing the world, no doubt but you shall make benefit of your Voyage, and I will be joyfull of your return. And thus loath to tire you with a long tale, when I know in a little, you will understand much. In prayer for your good success, and safe return, I commit you to the Almighty,

Arthingworth, 24. of July, 1652.

Your affectionate kinsman, L. M.

To his Friend G. T. in the time of sickness, and sorrow, for a great misfortune.

Dear George, knowing the cause though not the condition of thy sickness, I am bold a little to advise thee for the better recovery of thy health. Thou knowest (dear Friends) that there is nothing passeth neither

neither under nor above the Heavens, but either by the direction or permission of the wisdome of the Almighty. There is no Day that hath his Night, no Element that hath not his contrary, nor comfort on the earth without a crosse. Thou art sorry to see the cruelty of Fortune, but turn thine eyes to a better light, and thou shalt see it a trial of Gods love: for if nature be accursed for sin, thou must find it in this world or another, the second death is worse then the first. If sickness make thee feel Gods hand, shall not patience make thee try his mercy? and health make thee know his love? If losses make thee poorer, wert thou not better with patience be Gods beggar, then in pride the World's King? grieve not then at thy fortune but live by thy faith, be rather a Job then a Saul, for there is no spurning against so sharp a prick as Gods purpose. I am sorry for thy sickness, but more for the cause: for to mourn to no end is more folly; a pining sickness is a sign of more passion then patience. Christ suffered for thee, suffer thou for thy selfe; lay away thy too much melancholy, for sighing is womanish, and weeping is babish. Be wise therefore for thy self, and be good to thy selfe, pluck up thy spirits, and put thy selfe on ly upon God, live not like a dead man, but die like a living man: Let not fortune be a messenger of death, nor impatience a prejudice to thy health, take thy horse and ride over to me, and take the time as it falls; if faire, the sower clothes; if foul take a cloake, but defer not the time, for thought pierceth apace: and so the minde, there is no Physick but patience and mirth; bring the first with thee, and the last I will provide for thee: Till when wishing thee out of thy solemn Cell, and to take my house for thy better comfort, till I see thee, and at waies I rest,

Thine in all mine, D.R.

An answer to the same.

How easily the healthful can give counsel to the sick, and how hardly they can take it, I would I were not in case to prove: But I see patience needs not be persuaded; for where paine is he will be entertained. I know there is no resisting of Gods power, nor muttering against it; but yet think that the flesh and blood in many things hath much aboe to beare it, and though Fortune be a fiction, yet it troubles many fine wits, and the triall of patience puts the best spirit to a hard point. Never to have had, is little woe to want: but to lose, hopeles of recovery, will sting the heart of a good minde: A sorrow is sooner taken then put off, and death is comfortable to the afflicted: Fooles can not take thought, and knaves will not, but the honest and the careful

understand the plague of misery : If death be this way ordained me, I cannot avoid it: and if help come unlooked for, I shall be glad of it: But if you will take the paines to make me try the comfort of your company, my selfe shall have some room to entertain a friend for such a need; and knowing your love, can account no lesse; I pray you therfore without further ceremonies, let me see you very shortly: if I live you shall know my kindnes, if I die you shall find my love: so drawing towards a heavers sit, I am forced thus to conclude in the spight of fortune: In the grace of God, I will digest what I can, and pray for patience for the rest. And so hoping speedily to see you, till then, and alwaies, I rest,
In sicknes and in health thine what mine, R H.

A younger brother to his elder, fallen unhappily on a little wealth, and suddenly grown fondly proud.

Good brother, as I am glad to hear of your health, so am I sorry to heare of your ill carriage: It is told me by them that I can beleefe that your wealth which should make you gracious, makes you in a manner odious: Why, it is wonderfull, that you can so suddenly metamorphose your mind from wit to folly; it griebeth me to hear your description of almost as many as know you: It is said you look over the moon, walke as upon stilts, speak as it were for Charity, and with a swelling conceit of your wealth, make your face like one of the four winds; in your apparell you are womanish, your ruffs set up in point, your beard so starched, and your Countenance so set, that you are more meet for a Prologue before a Comedy, then to give example to Civility: For maturity is a kind of folly, when he that walkes upright like a Rabbit, is like a boy that should say Grace. They say you are seldom without a flower in your mouth, I would it were fitly perfumed for the desert of your folly: You weare your cloake alwaies broad, that one may see your silken inside, and your Garters beneath your knee are ready to weep for a Kase. All these notes are taken of you; and withall, that to maintaine this pride; you are so covetous as the Devill; for as I heare, you are both an Usurer, and a Broker, and have more cunning tricks in your trade then a honest heart could away withal. Truly this is not well, for your Estate needs it not, your education both not teach it, let me therfore intreat you to turne a new lease, sing a new song; be courteous, not covetous; be kind, but not proud, and have a conscience in all your courses;

for there must be an end of all your matters, and repentance will be the best raiment of your ill taken accounts. Believe it, for you shall find it at last, I wish not too late: And so out of the sincere love of a true heart, that holds you as deare as his own life, rather desirous to tell you what I find amiss in you, then to sooth you in what I find grieuous in you: To his Grace that may amend you, with my prayers for you, I leave you,

Your true loving Brother, R.B.

To a faire proud Tit.

FAIRE Mistress, why should you turne that to a cuse, which was given you for a blessing? I meane your beauty, which should have made you gracious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you marre your colour with an ill countenance: And when you speak you counterfeite such a kind of lispings, that you cannot bring out a wise word: Your bodie is made so straight, and your farthingale so great, that instead of a woman, you may make an antick of your selfe. I am plain, but tell you the truth, I think you are best in your quouting Coat; for your tricing and your tyring takes away all your proportion; so that the Painter, and the Tailor, hath put Nature out of countenance: But since it is the fashion for fooles to weare a Cocks comb, let them weare feathers that list. I will not blow them away, but as a good friend let me tell you, that tels you but for your good, be honest and be hanged, let knaverie goe to the Devill. Stand not tarrying in your doore, nor devile lies to make fooles, nor use tricks to pick Pockets, for in the end it will be naught, for the Pox, or the Gallows or the Devill will be the reward of plaine Treachery, if in the way you scape beggarie: and therefore follow my counsell, give over betimes, before it give over you. And since I have turned my Coat, turn your old Gown, and we will joyne together, to go both in a Liberie; for say the word, and I am for thee: and so till I heare from thee, I commend me to thee,

Thine if thou wilt, D. T.

Her Answer.

YOU wicked Villain, hast thou played the Jew so long, that thou art weary of thy selfe, and now comest to me for a companion? Soft Snatch, your trick is an ace cut, and of all the Cards, I love not a Knave: My beauty is not for black eyes, nor shall pretended honesty cheat my folly; hast thou had three occupations, and none the best? a Dealer, a Parasite, and a Pander? and now wouldst be Conney-catcher?

catcher? Sir, I have no game for your Ferret, and therefore hunt farther: Now for my laces and my looks, and my tricks, and my toys, if they fit not your humor: I am not for you: But for the Fox, the Gollowes, and the De Vill, and the ale-house, keep you from them, and I will keep me from you; and if I thought I might trust thee, I could put in a Fools Paradise: But if thou art not afraid of Sparrow blasting, come home and take a birds nest: which if it be better then a Woodcocke, thanks the Heavens for thy good fortune, and me for my good will, and so till I see thy liberty, I leave thee to thy self,

Thine if I like, M. T.

A kind Sister to her loving Brother.

My deare Brother, as you know our love began almost in our Cradles: so I pray let it continue to our graves; I have had a bad husband, and you no good wife, and yet with patience we have lived to see the strange changes of time: But we must one day walke after our friends, and therefore in the meane time, let us make much of one another. Write unto me how you do in body and minde, and when I shall be so happy as to enjoy your good company. For being alone, you may be as a Husband and a Brother, to controule my servants, and comfort my self: Believe me, I long to see you, and in the mean time to hear from you. And therefore I pray you let no Messenger passe from you without some few lines of your kind love, which are as dear as my life. This I pray you let me not fail of. And so with my hearty commendations and most kind love, in my daily prayers for thy health, I leave thee to the Almighty,

Thy very loving Sister, A. N.

His Answer.

Sweet Sister, I have received your loving Letter, for which I returne you many kind thanks: My body I thank God is in good health, but my minde somewhat out of temper; for I see three things that do much grieve me, a foole rich, a wise man wicked, and an Honest man poore: For the first, either by Prodigality wasts himselfe, or like a Dog in a bench-hole hoards up his money he knows not for whom: The second turnes wit to an evill course, that might compass better matters: And the third lives in griefe that he cannot shew the vertue of his condition. But when I consider againe there

is no Paradise; the Angels live in heaven, and hell is too near unto the Earth. I am glad I can fall to prayer, to shun the traps of the deceitful, and since I cannot goe from the course of fates, to take my fortune as patiently as I can. You say wel, we have lived to see much, and yet must die when we have seen all; you are rid of a trouble, and I well freed of a torment, yet are there crosses enough to try the care of a good conscience in which I doubt not your wisdom. nor shall you of my will: But as patience is the salve of my miserie, so is love the joy of Nature, in which as we are nearly linked, so let us live inseparable: Shortly I hope to see you; the Lord of Heaven bless you, and his mercy keep you. So with my hearts love to you, to the Lords tuition I leave you,

Your very loving Brother, E.N.

A young man to his first Love.

What Love, since first I view'd your faire beauty, I saw none like you, nor like any but you, my reason is drawn out of many grounds, and all in your graces. For first, your beauty being such as exceedeth my commendation, your wit too high for my reason to reach, and your demeanour so discreet as drives me only to wonder: Beleeve my affection to be untouched with untruth, and requite my love with some token of your good liking: For being the first Star that hath made me study Astronomie, let me not live in the clouds of your discomfort, lest in a mist of miserie, I fall to the lowest of Fortune: Leaving therefore my selfe to your favour, or my death to your frowne, I rest restless, till I may rest,

Yours only in all, T. P.

Her Answer.

If your heart were in your eyes, and your words were all truth. I should beleeve a strange tale of the great force of fancy; but I must intreat your pardon to pause upon my judgement of your opinion: I would I were as you write me, though I did not requite you as you wish me: For though I would not be unkind, yet will I not be uncarefull. Astronomie is too high a study for my capacity, and the clouds are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded that the earth cannot hold them. In briefe therefore, build no castles in the air, lest they happen to fall on your neck, distrust not your fortune where your affection is soothfull,

fall, nor put your life to looves passion, lest it trie your patience too much. Whosoever it be, carry reason in all your courses, and your care will have the comfort, to which I wish you as much hope as a true heart may desire, and so not knowing your rest, will trouble you no farther, but rest as I have reason,

Yours in good will, A.M.

A Traveller beyond the Seas, to his Wife in England.

DEARE Wife, the misery of my Fortune is more then can easily be borne, and yet the most griefe is to be absent from thee, and my little ones; but as a Hen to her Chickens, be kind to them till I see thee, and pray for my success, as I do for thy health: From many dangers God hath delibered me, and I hope will after many Stormes send me a fair day to do me good, and a fair wind to bring me home: In the mean time I will have patience, and intreat thee the like; for love so long settled, I know cannot lose his nature: And therefore not doubting of thy constancy, I commend me to thy kindness; kiss my Babes for me, and kindly receive for thy selfe and them, such tokens as by this trusty Post I send thee and them. And thus hoping of thy health, as my hearts greatest happiness in this world: In prayer for the same, and thee, and thine, evermore I rest,

Amsterdam, the 20 of August, 1652.

Thy dear loving Husband, T.W.

Her Answer.

SWEET Heart, let me intreat thee to be as merry as thou canst in spite of fortune and her fury: For if thou hast but life to bring thee home, yet love shall bid thee welcome; my prayers and thy little ones are daily for thee. We all long to see thee, and think it long to be so long without thee; but knowing thy intent for our good, we will have patience till thy coming, and pray for the speed of it, with good success of thy travel. The Posts hast is great and therefore I must end, for thy kind Letters and Tokens I thank thee: Somewhat by this bearer I have sent thee, my notes in my Letter will tell you what with my hearts love, which can hold nothing from you; but avoweth all I am and have ready for you. So with my Babes kiss, and my owne, in prayer for thy health and hearts ease, I commit thee to the Almighty.

London, the 23. of September, 1652.

Thy very loving wife, E.VV.

A Letter admonitory to his friend in Love.

Honest Wilkin; I cannot but mourn for thee to see thee in such a passion, as I thought never to have taken thee in: I hear say thou art in love; is it possible to be true, that the spirit of error could ever have taken possession of thy wit, to make a Saint of an Idol, and to see thy selfe in a maze? Why? first the thing love is another world than this, and hath little to do with such creatures as thou keepest company with: I am sorry to hear how thou windest thy self in such a net, that thou canst no way get loose. Rise upon folly, leave thy fancy, lest it be too late, and then no man will pity thee: What? have both eyes and be stark blind? ears and hast heard nothing? nose, and can smell nothing? a wit and can perceive nothing? and a heart that can feel nothing, to put thee from this new nothing, which thou hast met with, called love? Why? let me tell thee what it is simply I cannot tell thee; but what are the qualities of it, as I have heard and read of it, I will deliver thee. It will cuckold age, besot youth, betray beauty, and waste wealth; dishonour virtue and work villany. This kind of love I mean, that makes thee dance Trenchmore without a Pipe, it will not let one sleep, nor eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor sit in quiet. It will teach a foole to flatter a knave to lie, a wench to dance, and a scholler to be a Poet, before he can hit the way of a kind verse. It will make a Souldier lazy, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer idle, a Merchant poore, and a poore man a beggar: it will make a wise man a fool, and a fool quite out of his wits; it will make a man womanish, and a woman apish. To be thot there is so much ill to be said of it, that he is happy that hath not to do with it. If therefore thou be not too far gone, come back againe; if thou canst leave thy study lay away thy Book and think of other matters then the mouth of Venus, lest Mars be angry, or Vulcan play the villain, when Cupid shall be whipt for shooting away of his arrows. In fine, give over thy humour, for it is no better then a fancy: and live but with me but a day, & thou wilt be in hate with it all night: for the desire is fleshy, and the delight is filthy: the suit is costly, and the fruit of it but folly. Leave beauty to the Painter to help him in his Art: wit to the Scholler, to help the weakness of his memory, and wealth to the Merchant to encrease his stock, cases to the Lawyer to help his pleading, honour to the Souldier to put forth his valor, and so let thy mistress be divided among them, and when they are altogether by the ears come thou away to mee, and live with mee, and credit mee, thou wilt in the

end thank me for dealing so truly and plainly with thee: In the meane time, let me hear from thee what I shall hope of thee, for as thou knowest I love thee, from my love I have written to thee, what I know is good for thee, and what I wish may do good with thee. And thus, till I see thee, in hearty prayers for thee, and like commendations to thee, to the Lord of Heavens I leave thee,

Thine as thou knowest, I. E.

The Answer.

Good Goose eat no more Hay; what a noise hast thou made with keeking at nothing? Thou hast heard thou knowest not what, and talkest thou knowest not how: take Woodcock in a spring, and touch not me with these termes. Now for thy mourning, let it be for the loss of thy wit; for I have no fear of had-I-wist. Lobs (quoth he) you never knew what it is, and yet speak so much of it; either you wrong it or your self, that you no better understand it; or let me tell you, you are mistaken in it. It is the light of beauty, the bliss of nature, the honor of reason, and the joy of time, the comfort of age, and the life of youth: It is a tongue of truth, stay of wit, and the rule of understanding; it is the bride of will, the stay of sense; it makes a man kind, a woman constant, and while fools and apes play at bo-peep for a pudding. Lovers have a life they will not leave for a Mountaine: now for Mars and Venus, they are studies for School boies; and he that feareth Vulcan, let him be whipt for Cupid. To be short, thou art strangely out of tune to write me such a piece of Quack; for were I but in the way, shall I turn back to thy whistle? No, thou knowest not what it is, and therefore talk no more of it: for hadst thou but once kindly had a taste of it, thou wouldst die ere thou wouldst leave it; Believe it, I know it, and therefore for the devotion of my Mistress, I will take it as a dream, and be sorry that awake thou hast no more wit then to write it: But let all unkindness pass, it may be I will shortly see thee, and then make thee glad to yield to me, that thou art in a foule error, to wish me to leave my Love to live with thee. But since I know thy kindness, I will beare with thy weakness, and in the faith of an old friend hearken to thee in another matter; and so wishing thee no more to envy so much against a matter of so excellent a vertue, I will leave thee for this time, and rest all waies,

Thine as his own, R. P.

The Countrymans Letter to his beloved Sweet-heart.

Tuly sweet heart, I am so out of order with my selfe, with the extremity of love that I bear you, that my heart is even at my mouth to say sweet heart, when I think on you: And if I hear but your name it makes me start as though I should see you, and when I look on my handkerchief that you wrought me, I thank you, with Coventry-blew: O how I lift up my eyes to Heaven, and say to my selfe, O there is a Wench in he wold, well go too: But when I see my let Ring that you sent me by your brother Will, I do so kisse it, as if thou wert even within. O Nell, it is not to be spoken that affection that I bear to thee. Why, I scerited all night for the rabbit I sent thee, and have been in the Wood all day to seek a birds nest for thee: My Mother is making a cheese-cake, and she hath promised it me for thee. Well, beleeve me, I love thee, and if my high shoes come home on Saturday, I will see thee on Sunday, and we will drink together, that is once; for indeed I do love thee. Why, my heart is never from thee: for ever and besides that, I think on thee all the day, so I dream of thee all the night, that our folks say in my sleep that I call thee sweet-heart, and when I am awake and remember my dream I sigh and say nothing, but I would I wot what: But it is no matter, it shall be, and that sooner then some think; for the old Cull my Father, and the old Cream my mother will not come out with their Crownes, I care not, I am all their Sons and therefore I shall have all the Lande; and having a good Farm we will make shift for money: And therefore sweet-heart (so so I will dare call thee) I pray thee be of good cheer, wash thy face and put on the gloves that I gave thee for we are full asht next Sunday, and the Sunday after you know what, for I have your fathers good will and you have my Mothers, if buckle and hang hold, we will load our packs together: I would have said somewhat else to you, but it was out of my head, and our school master was so troublesome with his bores, that he would scarce give thus much for me, but farewell, and remember Sunday,

Thine own from all the world, T. P.

An answer to her heart of gold, and best beloved.

Now Love, and a kind soule, I thanke thee for thy sweet Letter. A thousand times, I warrant thee it hath been read, and read over againe, oftner then I have fingers and toes: Eerie night I get up our man into my Chamber, and there by my Beds side he sits

and reads it to me still, till I am almost asleep; but when he reads so often sweet-heart, and I love thee; I say I, you do lie and he sweares no. And then I said, I thank you Tom, no love lost, for I am no changling; and when he comes to dream and awake, and with; I will not tell you what I think yet, but one day I will tell you more; in the meane time be content and trust me: I have a band in hand for thee, that shall be done before the time; and let our friends do their wills, we will not hang after their humors: No, I am thine, and thou art mine, and that not for a day, but for ever and ever. My mother hath stolen a whole peck of floore for a Byde Cake, and our man hath sworn he will keale a brabe Rosemary bush, and I have spoken for Ale that will make a Cat speak; and the youths of the Parish have sworn to bring the blind Fidler: Well be of good chere, on Sunday I will be at Church, and if there be any dancing, I hope to have a bout with you, and till then the Sunday after, and every day after that, God be with you. Written by our man at my Beds side at midnight, when the folkes were all asleep.

An angry Letter by a young Lover in the Countrey to his
Love, M N.

MArgery, the truth is you doe not use me well; what doe I get by you, to lose my daies worke, and sit at a stile blowing my fingers in the cold, in hope to meet you a milking, and you send another in your roome, and goe to market another way? Well, if I be not your sweet-heart, much good do you with your choice: I hope my Fathers Sonne is worthye yours Mothers Daughter. Your pricking in a clout is not so good as a Plough, and for you portion I can have your betters; but it is no matter, he is curst in his cradle that trusts any of your words: And therefore since it is as it is, let it be as it will, I will not put at my heart, that you hang at, our heels. Well, to be short, take it for a warning, for I am angry; if you serve me so againe, you shall see me so no more, that is once: and therefore either be as you should, or be as you list, for I will not digest more then I can, that is the truth: Other folks see it as well as I, what a foole you make of me; but it is no matter, I may live to be met with you: But yet if you will give over your gad-ding, and be ruled by your friends counsel, I can be content to forget all that is past, and to be as good friends as ere we were. And so hoping to heare better of you then some folkes think of you, meaning to be at your Towne the next Market day, if you will meet me at the stile,

we will have a Cake and a bottle of Ale, and may hap to be merry ere we part, and so farewell,

Your friend as you use me, B.D.

Her Answer.

BARNABY, you are much too blame to fall out with your self, for want of better company; thou be angry, turne the Buckle of thy Girdle behind you; for I know no body is in love with you. What's here to do with my Fathers horse, and my Mothers mate? Why? I wonder what you ail? is the Moon in the eclipse, that you are out of temper? Now, truth it is pittie a fool cannot have a little wit, but he will spend it all in a few words: Alas, the day, it will be night by and by, and if you be so peevish to put Pepper in the nose; if you can smee both waies, you are in no danger of death. Well to be plain, care for your self if you will, for in truth, I will take no charge of you: For if you will hold on your course, you may walke whither you will and no body look after you; for my selfe I will forget your name and proper person: I hope there is none so mad as to be in love with you. In conclusion, come not to me till I send for you, nor look after me till I bid you. I will drinke no bottle-Ale with such a bottle nose, nor desire to come to market to meet such a companion: And so glad to have this occasion to try your patience, the foremen of fooles be your Woodcock Father, and teach you better how to use your wit, if you have any. And so in as little love as I can say my charity. In hearty good will I leave you as I found you, and so I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, M.N.

To her more friendly then faithfull Mr. *Tho. Jewel*.

A BITTER sweet is a bitter physcical potion: if I be so to your thoughts, I hope I shall purge your head of ill humors; and then fasting Fancy, that would decetbe plain Simplicity, will abuse neither of us; and if your flattery were not gross, in my complexion, I should have no respect of your condition, which how far it is from your protestation, I leave to the secret confession of your little affection; words follow

A Packet of Letters.

low thoughts at the heels, and thoughts keep the head, not the heart: Where the braine is a little troubled, it puts the wit much out of temper; and therefore wishing you to leave honoꝛ to the M^{aj}esty, and service to the M^{aj}esty, give me leave to the like of equalitie, and so settle my affection in discretion: which having to disgrace the well deserving, cannot but daily favour the faithfull. Distrust is a kinde of jealousy, which if I coul'd love, I shoul'd perhaps be acquainted with; but solitariness being a sweet life, why shoul'd I seek my hart in a worse course? yet am I not bozne for my selfe, and therefore will hearken to reason, and yet no further then to know the worth of a Jewel before I pay too dear for the wearing of it; and therefore let this suffice you, that no Heaven being in this world, take heed of a Hell of your own making; and putting away the clouds of idle humors, look into the height of that, that by the direction of Vertue, may bring you to Honoꝛ: To which if my help may avail, I will say amen to such Prayers, as may be made in a good minde; in which hoping you will labour to rest, I leave you to your best rest, and so I rest,

Your friend as far as not to be my own enemy. S. P.

A Valedictory Letter to an inconstant Mistress.

I Am sorry that mine own experience should so evidently prove the verities of that common received opinion, that women generally are subject to inconstancie, such was my confidence in you, and I made such solicitations to my selfe of your firmeness, that I would have beleev'd that a man might sooner remove the Rocks out of the Ocean, and the Mountaines out of their station, then me out of your affections: How canst thou for shame cast thine eyes upon me, whose pure and exuberant Love thou hast rewarded with such fleeting disloyaltie, and love a number of: ing and lover, march together in this, they can neither of them make a competitor or cozriball. I will leave partnership and fraction to Merchants; but where I devote my intimate love to any mistress, I expect a reciprocal and undivided affection. But as you have undeservedly alienated your affection, and extinguished that love, I thought nothing but death should have ended; so will I justly abandon your service, and here cease to write of love any more,

And rest a stranger, A. B.

An amorous Letter to a most faire Creature.

Though the age be past which drew her glorious stile from gold, yet never was any richer in perfections then this present Age wherein you live; Nature in former times, did glory when she had wrought that matchles mould of Helena: since her moze skilful hands have produced yout selfe as the Masterhip of her most absolute workmanship. But would I had as just cause to commend your kindnes, as I have to write these Encomions of your feature, which truly was not boyn to live and die to it selfe, but for to be enjoyed; and the praise of every good thing, and particularly in beauty, lies in its communion, and participation unto others. Wherefore remebe not your favour from me your most faithfull servant, who can no moze sustain my life in the want of your kindnes, then the earth can remaine fruitfull in the Suns continuall absence: weak words are not able to comprehend the immensity of my love which leaveth to the consideration of your rash judgment: in hope of your sole comfort; To whom the endeavour of my selfe, and the constancie of my faith are eternally devoted, I rest,

In the depth of true affection, R.S.

A Letter gratulatory to a kind Gentlewoman.

Good Mistres,

THis posting Messenger (yet not so expeditious as the winged Pegasus) relinquishing in all haste this our Town of Lincoln, to transport himselfe to your famous City of London, the Center of great Britaine, I could not let pass so fit an opportunity to declare unto you how much the remembrance of your by-past kindnes, hath bound me to wish you the highest degree of all terrestriall happiness. But looking at your favours with a remunerating desire, I find the number of them so great, and the greatness so hard to be expressed, much moze to be recompenced, that like a vanquished man I am faine to yield and succumb under the burden of many arrerages: Only at this present, like an humble Suppliant, I come to beg of you some moze time (the mother of opportunity) untill by the smiles of fortune, and the diligence of my indefatigable endeavours I be enabled to make requital: but hoping that thus much may perswade you, that I have not buried you in the pit of oblivion, I conclude and rest as I am bounden,

Yours ever to be commanded, N.I.

A Packet of Letters.

A Love Letter.

THe beauty which nature hath so liberally imparted upon you (absolute Mistress) makes her play the bankrupt with most of the world besides: at the discoverie whereof, as my eyes hath oftentimes stood at gaze, so is my minde altogether captivated to do homage to your perfections: And therefore hoping that in your imployments my future merits shall weigh down this my offence of presumption, I have taken the humble boldness to let you understand how ready I am to perform you any service that possibility shall enable me unto, whose love is the bounds and utmost end of my ambitious desires, desiring the attainment whereof as the comfortable hart best of my carefull patnes, I rest,

Yours in the infrangible bonds of affection, I.N.

FINIS.

Reader, these Books following are printed for, and are to be sold
by *Richard Tomlins*, at the Sun and Bible
near *Pye-Corner*.

The Dutch Annotations on the whole Bible, in Folio.
The memorab'le Work of *Josephus*.
Mr *Drummonds* History of *Scotland*.
The generall practise of Physick Fol. The Fortune Book in Fol. Eng.
Pleasant Notes upon *Dox-Quixot*, Fol.
Mr *Sandersons* compleat History of King *James*, Fol.
His compleat History of King *Charles*, Fol.

The particular Works of Mr John Collings.

Mr *Collings* his Cordials, first, second, and third parts quarto.
His *Vindicia ministerii*, quar. His answer to Mr *Shepherd*, quar.
His answer to *Fisher* and *Hammond*, quar.
His answer to *Postman*, *Prin*, and *Humfries* quar.
A Sermon at Mr *Carters* Funerall, quar.
Funerall Sermon for Sir *John Hubert*, quar.
Mr *Collings* Five Lessons for a Christian to learn, octavo.
His Faith and Experience, octavo.
Dr *Holdsworths* 21 Sermons, quar.
Euclids Elements, in quar. Eng. *Rutterford* on Covenant, quar.
Packet of Letters, quar. *Cupids* Messengers, quar.
The Birth of Mankind, or Womens book, quar.
The Perfect Pharisee under Monkish Holiness, quar.
The false Jew, quar. Mr *Wincols* Poems, oct.
Excellency of Christ, oct. *Erasmus* Colloquies, oct.
Wings and *Leighburns* *Urania Practica*, oct. *Velitatioes Pelemica*, oct.
Janua Linguarum, oct. *Brinsleys* *Corderius*, oct.

The particular Works of Mr Sidenham.

His Mystery of Godliness, octavo.
Hypocrisie discovered in its Nature and Workings, oct.
Baptisme and singing Psalmes, oct.
Rawlins Arithmetick, oct.
Watsons untaught Bridegroom, Twelves.
Civill Wars in *France*, Twelves.